

MUSLIM WITCH played by MELVIN STEWART



MacBird played by John Brent.

MacBIRD

—outrageous
joke,
high treason
or brilliant
satire?

The Committee's
New Show
Reviewed by
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PETERSON**
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MacBird + the Earl of Warren
MacBird is asking the Earl for his help
in assuaging the public conscience



MacBird and the Earl of Warren. MacBird is asking the Earl for his help in assuaging the public conscience.

Three GRIM fairy tales



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Guilty firms wriggle on taxes

By our correspondent

There is a tendency, in tax investigations as in other human endeavors, to miss seeing the forest because of all those damned trees in the way.

So it was that the people of California were too busy pressing criminal charges against numerous assessors to notice that no action was taken against the big companies and big business types who bought and sold those poor little men.

Though no less guilty, none of the lofty corporations which for years paid less than their fair share of taxes have been brought to the bar of justice.

To be sure, there are a few fall-guys, the middlemen who carried the money between the corporations and the assessor. But these are men who knew they could be thrown to the wolves when needed, and have been.

ALTHOUGH the extent of the corruption throughout assessors' offices in California was printed in endless detail, there have been few public voices calling for fixers to be tried along with the fixed.

Even now, there seems to be little concern with the activities of hundreds of San Francisco firms which have paid unfairly low taxes in years past and are still resisting every effort to make them cough up unpaid taxes for the past three years. San Francisco officials had to be forced by the courts to start an investigation of personal property taxes which were never paid, but once the study began there is no question but that Assessor Joseph Tinney carried it out with vigor and enthusiasm.

At stake--\$11 million As assessor-scandal Fixers battle the City

As many as 500 big companies, some the very ones named as bribers of former assessor Russell Wolden, are still battling in courtrooms and back rooms to avoid paying the more than \$11 million which Tinney says they should have paid, but didn't.

NOT satisfied that they have escaped criminal prosecution for bribery, not willing to accept their current tax defeat with grace, many companies involved in the Wolden scandal are leaving no legal stones unturned in their resistance to paying back taxes.

Twenty-six of the city's biggest law firms represent these companies.

The lawyers have not identified their clients, but there is no doubt that many were among 148 firms mentioned during the San Francisco Grand Jury's investigation of Wolden's antics.

The disagreement between the anonymous companies and the assessor, the press reports, is over something called an assessment ratio. There are phrases, legal terms used in the operation of a complex society, which immediately turn most readers off. Assessment ratio is one.

An assessment ratio is the percentage of true market value used for taxing purposes. If a business has \$100,000 worth of inventory and the announced assessment ratio is 50 per cent, then the business pays taxes on \$50,000 worth of inventory.

WOLDEN, according to grand jury testimony, either used an illegally low assessment ratio (as low

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Brown's prod

Of all Gov. Reagan's about-faces, the most intriguing was his unexpected decision to delay the "phasing out" of 3,700 mental health service jobs for 60 days. The reason:

Former Gov. Brown, The Guardian learned exclusively from an unimpeachable Sacramento source, became bitterly angry over the capitulation of his holdover appointee, Dr. James V. Lowry, director of mental hygiene to Reagan's budget-chopping demands in Lowry's department. Brown picked up the phone and put the prod to Lowry in mule-skinning terms.

Lowry, his spine stiffened, wrote a strong letter to Reagan urging the governor "to minimize the hardship of any individual who is slated for layoff." Reagan the next day yielded to Lowry's recommendations for delay.

Kuchel gets a Reagan smile--or is it a snarl?

By our correspondent

Only in the wilderness of California politics would one expect to find a Republican governor reluctantly coming to the defense of a Republican senator whose re-election is opposed by Republicans.

But that is the case today as Gov. Ronald Reagan, consumed by presidential ambitions, tries to cool the fervor of GOP right-wingers bent on "dumping" U.S. Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel.

Stop the "internal fighting, back-biting and throatcutting" that contributed to a string of GOP defeats in the past decade, Reagan warned a group of ultra-conservatives earlier this month.

Addressing the annual convention of the California Republican Assembly in Long Beach, Reagan urged the delegates not to "tear down, or attempt to destroy" others in the GOP tent.

IT WAS an unmistakable reference to Kuchel, who faces the political fight of his life when he seeks

re-nomination in the June primary next year.

The CRA delegates were not in the mood for a lecture on party unity, however. They voted overwhelmingly to find a candidate to knock off Kuchel in the primary.

It won't be a long search. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction, is their man. And he is more than willing to shoulder the right-wing's burden. Rafferty also addressed the CRA convention, rousing the delegates to wild applause, cheers and whistles 59 times as he ripped Kuchel in one of his typically cliché-ridden perorations.

ONLY State Sen. John Schmitz of Orange County, a John Birch Society member, was as warmly received at the convention as Rafferty.

Rafferty and other rightists complain Kuchel is undeserving of Republican support because the

liberal senator failed to back Reagan for governor, Barry Goldwater for president or George Murphy for senator.

That's what they say in public. The fact is, they are still smarting from the liberal Kuchel's unrelenting war on the Birchers and other extremists infiltrating the Republican party (as our Washington correspondent makes plain on page 4.)

Reagan, of course, has no great affection for Kuchel, but the iciness between them goes back farther than last year's election. In 1962 Reagan supported Lloyd Wright, a bomb the Russians advocate, against Kuchel in that year's pri-

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Japanese Mickey Mantles

By Lester Velie

(This is the third in a special Guardian series by Lester Velie, roving editor of The Readers Digest. Velie is touring listening posts of Red China on Digest assignment.)

TOKYO — The other night on television, I saw a celebration and pennant award ceremony for the Tokyo Giants (baseball). It reminded me of the statement that the Japanese can do anything they put their minds to. For here were these Micky Mantle types, muscular, big, awkward, clean cut (I was just about to say, "all-American boys").

How did the Japanese produce these muscular six footers where only five foot fivers blossomed before?

I got the same feeling of how do they do it when I drove past miles of solid new government buildings, marble fronted banks, commercial skyscrapers. Inasmuch as Tokyo was about 70 per cent destroyed by bombing only 20 years ago, this new concrete wealth is just about as great a puzzle as the Japanese baseball players who can beat the champions of the National League.

I've talked to some editors, business oligarchs and government people about this. They have two answers: "We were lucky to lose the war," and "diligence and intelligence."

The losing the war answer is a curious one. At the height of their military adventures, the Japanese owned what was probably the biggest empire the world has ever seen — from Manchukuo in the north to Malaysia in the South — and west, half way across the Pacific.

Today, without any of that real estate, with nothing more than their own barren home islands the size of California — the per capita

income of the Japanese, 100,000,000 strong, is about six times what it was before the war.

And in productive capacity, Japan is already passing Italy, crowding West Germany, France and England — and before long will be one of the world's three great industrial powers—next only to the U.S. and Russia with populations two and three times as great and land masses 40 times as great. The Japanese already lead the world in ships and electronics. And each time you pick up the Japan Times, you read that Japan is producing more electric organs than anybody, more pianos, etc.

The Japanese now are putting their minds to something that may, in the long run, overshadow anything that's happening here in the Far East. The same people who ravaged the Far East are returning as Big Brothers with money grants, engineering and technical know how and trade — who mean to put their onetime victims on their feet, stabilize them politically and keep them out of Vietnam type wars of liberation.

All this, of course, eases the burden on the U.S., which has poured millions into South Korea and Taiwan, but is now cutting down on aid in the Far Pacific.

Because of its own prosperity, Japan is setting a kind of economic model for underdeveloped countries in the Far East — which should give the Communist Chinses model a hell of a run for its money. Even after the Communist Chinese get back to sanity after their current upheavals.

Let's hope the Japanese are as good at setting a model and at peaceful economic penetration and economic assistance as they are in developing the best in beef and baseball players. A great deal is riding on it.

Big boys cut Rafferty off at the pockets

— Continued from page 1

mary.

WHY the switch now? Why is Reagan trying to cool off a brawl next year between Kuchel and Rafferty? If he succeeds, Kuchel probably will win re-election.

Wouldn't Reagan prefer his old friend Rafferty, who ardently supported him for governor, to Kuchel in the Senate seat?

No. Not if it crippled his chances for the presidency. Reagan hasn't a prayer for the big prize next year, his advisers and financial backers figure, if the California GOP was in a shambles.

That is exactly the state the party would be in if a Kuchel-Rafferty fight for the nomination were to produce the type of bitter divisiveness that characterized the Goldwater-Nelson Rockefeller presidential tiff in 1964.

REAGAN is titular head of the party in California. If he is to win the presidential nomination in 1968, he must first demonstrate to party leaders across the country he is capable of unifying all elements of the party. Goldwater's inability to do the same is still a fresh memory.

William Penn Patrick, San Rafael cosmetics distributor who unsuccessfully ran for governor in 1966, is eager to run against Kuchel. But Patrick's vitriolic attacks on California's senior senator's loyalty for voting for the U.S.-Soviet consular treaty have offended even some of Kuchel's staunchest foes.

Former Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown believes Salvatori and other conservatives are saving their fire for the general election next year, when they hope to back maverick Democratic Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles against Kuchel.

YORTY appears to be the front-runner for the Democratic senatorial nomination now, unless, as Brown says, party regulars can unite behind someone to stop him. The former governor says he might be available himself.

So, Reagan's presidential ambitions may yet be Kuchel's salvation. There already are signs the big money boys are cutting Rafferty off at the pockets.

Henry Salvatori, the Southern California oil tycoon who helped launch Reagan's political career, for one has suggested that Rafferty tend to his school affairs.

Feeling the pinch, Rafferty has called for grassroots support, hoping to raise a minimum of \$500,000 for his campaign.

Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, retired Air Force chief of staff currently touring the state with a proposal to bomb North Vietnam off the map as a means of ending the war, is another potential contender.

BUT LeMay doesn't appear overly anxious to oppose Kuchel—unless a mighty organization and a lot of money comes along.

That is the tangled political scene in California as Kuchel, prestigious assistant minority leader in the Senate, prepares to stand re-election. It is a far different California from the one in which Kuchel achieved political prominence as the protégé of former governor, now Chief Justice Earl Warren.

To hundreds of thousands of recent arrivals from the Midwest and South, Kuchel is just a hard-to-pronounce name. Reagan, Rafferty, Yorty — familiar television faces — are much better known. But a former movie star's White House dreams could make a difference.

Because of the rapidly rising total of paid subscriptions and the regular large volume of promotional mailings, many readers may receive an extra copy of The Bay Guardian. Please give it to a friend.

out, but only when the companies themselves have gone to court to fight.

In the meantime, the legal battle goes on. If the big firms continue to fight to avoid paying back taxes, San Francisco won't know if it will get any or all of the \$11 million until the highest courts in the state and nation have ruled.

There is only one group who will win no matter how the courts rule: the lawyers. If information were available, a most interesting article could be written on the amounts paid to the attorneys who forced the tax investigation and the attorneys who are resisting its results.

Firms fight city for \$11 million

— Continued from page 1

as 10 per cent in some cases) or allowed certain businesses to hide their assets. In either case, the result meant a substantial reduction in taxes for favored businesses and a substantial increase in taxes for everybody else.

(It should be made quite clear that the great majority of the 900 odd corporations under investigation were never connected to the Wolden scandal. Nevertheless, nearly all benefitted from his favors and, even if they were innocent beneficiaries, it came at the expense of ordinary business and private taxpayers who made up the unpaid taxes of the big firms.)

Assessment ratios are the trees which hide the tax investigation forest.

LOOK beyond the fancy verbiage and what do you find: The city's

biggest companies, the city's biggest attorneys, the Chamber of Commerce — ganged together to save

The Guardian has learned, too shortly before presstime to print, how the list of firms, and the amounts they owe in back taxes, may be obtained at city hall. If the San Francisco Examiner/Chronicle hasn't published them by our next edition, The Guardian will do so.

these corporations from paying their unpaid back taxes.

As an unreported private meeting in Assessor Tinney's office last January, a spokesman for the attorneys warned the assessor that they would deluge his office with time-consuming law suits and paral-

alyze his operations unless Tinney was willing to cooperate.

Tinney refused to make any deals and the law suits began. Some are still pending, but others have been quickly dismissed by judges not bothered by the kind of pressure which has been applied.

TINNEY, though locked in legal combat, has continued to play the tax investigation according to the unwritten rules the public has grown to expect when huge corporations are involved. For example, he has declined to make public the totals of unpaid back taxes which his accountants have discovered as specific firms. Some figures have come



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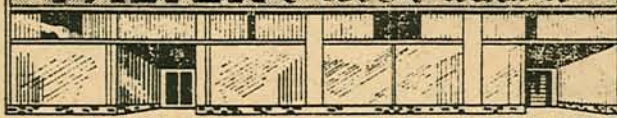
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The blunt truth emerging in the John Muir rumpus is . . .

By our school correspondent

A small band of frustrated and fed up parents in San Francisco's Fillmore District is exposing a mammoth educational sickness in the city that supposedly knows how.

These mamas and papas of John Muir Elementary School are bringing into public view the incontrovertible fact that the schools are failing the young, white as well as black, but particularly the black.

What's happening at John Muir (what a name, incidentally, for a treeless, barren ghetto school), is unique in that parents, assisted by "outsiders" such as the NAACP and others demanding reform, are raising a bit of hell and lathering the folks downtown.

For at least 18 months, a parent-dominated school committee tried to bring about changes that would reverse a steady pattern of educational failure. They got nowhere, because school people traditionally do not cotton to outsiders involving themselves with matters of education.

SO THE committee, anxious to bring about confrontation, opened up on a teacher they accused of insulting students. And they also lashed out at the principal who rejected them and their reform ideas at every turn. When a non-committee parent witnessed the principal belting a student, charges were filed demanding dismissal.

Although these issues make all the hurly burly, the central fact is that John Muir was and is doing a lousy job of educating children.

The district refused to release achievement test scores for individual schools and classes, a long-standing NAACP demand. Parents, however, know that their youngsters seriously lag in reading, mathematics science and all other subjects necessary for success in later school years.

John Muir is one of 28 San Francisco schools receiving compensatory education money from federal and state sources. The approach at John Muir is hit and miss, missing much more than hitting. The school is overcrowded, understaffed and obviously poorly managed.

THE school, about 87 percent Negro, has only four Negro teachers.

George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co.



San Francisco schools do a lousy job of educating

The white principal commutes from Hillsborough in a white Jaguar. The teacher under attack, also white, commutes from Corte Madera.

Now there is nothing wrong with commuting from the suburbs or driving Jags, but this does symbolize the problem in a sense. Those white suburbs are a far piece from the Fillmore and poverty. And it is fair to question whether such commuters, without specialized training they obviously lack, can really understand and communicate with adults and children of the ghetto.

Although mountains of words have been written of late on new ideas for educating the poor and the Negro, (often the same thing), few of them have trickled down to the Bay Area and San Francisco in particular.

Students still are being tailored to fit the archaic forms of schedules, classrooms, memorizing and other obsolete approaches to learning.

Much evidence shows these middle class educational postures just don't work for the disadvantaged; innovation, new ideas are needed immediately.

SAN Francisco looms as the worst of the urban Bay Area districts, but that still doesn't say much for most of the rest.

San Francisco Supt. Harold Spears, retiring in June, sings the same tired tune: all of the city's schools are good schools. Perhaps he really believes it.

If he does, he should be less reluctant to release achievement test scores of individual schools. District-wide scores provide evidence that San Franciscans do not even do as well as their Bay Area brethren. Spears tends to blame the pupils and their backgrounds. He should take a closer look at his schools.

However, he is leaving — probably to become a consultant and teach upcoming administrators more of the same obsolescent nonsense. Spears successor, Dr. Robert E. Jenkins, figures to come in and perpetuate the same losing style. He was hand-picked by a weak Board of Education which certainly wasn't tearing up the turf for a man with fresh ideas or a reputation for tackling the problems of ghetto education.

An administrator who favors educational change is a rarity. Richard Foster in the East Bay does. So does Philip Schneider of Sausalito, and so, of course, does Neil Sullivan of Berkeley.

Berkeley, incidentally, is something of an eight-letter word to the

Bay Area school world. That's where the educational action is, and although the city hasn't solved its problems by a damn sight, it is moving, always moving.

WHAT Berkeley did, what other communities have not yet brought themselves to do, is to begin by saying mea culpa. Until the community admits, then accepts some portion of the guilt for the status and rotten education of the Negro, few steps can be taken to right the wrong.

Richmond began its reforms with a citizen's committee report declaring that schools were segregated. Evidence showed that all-Negro schools were not good schools. Then the report, now under fire from right wing groups as well as part of the educational establishment, suggested methods of improvement.

Berkeley has yet to integrate its elementary system, but this is coming. It will come because Sullivan is a strong man with a commitment to quality, integrated education. He is unafraid of pressures from parents, students or the public. He also is unafraid of his staff, giving them much more freedom than most administrators.

THERE is real innovation in Berkeley. At one school, all reading instruction is ungraded, giving the child the opportunity to move at his own speed and to get more personal attention.

In primary grades, some youngsters learn abstract mathematics, algebra and geometry in an exciting new program that a flock of educators (outside the Bay Area of course) are watching closely.

The list of new programs, techniques and methods to achieve integration is monumental. Some will work, some won't. Who will know until they are tried?

At John Muir, except for token improvements, very little progress was made until the militant school committee charged. Forced to act, the Board of Education adopted a "douse the fire" approach. The school got a full-time nurse and librarian, a community relations man (something of a peacemaker), some extra teachers and a promise to lower class size.

Similar problems of the other 27 schools in the same compensatory category were left untouched, as were those at another 24 schools the NAACP contends are entitled to extra attention due to neighborhood economic patterns.

THESE schools also need more of everything, but especially they need good teachers, teachers who understand and, most important, like the child of the ghetto. Like him rather than fear him, it must be emphasized.

These schools need small classes, libraries, classes for the too-far-behind child, nurses, adequate play areas and administrators with a commitment, not to the educational establishment, but to the child and his development.

School leaders take strong exception to the protest that seems necessary to force change. The Fillmore committee made some grievous mistakes: members were guilty of "trial by mouth," they acted like true believers.

Despite the excesses, the boycotting and the picketing, however, officials are blind if at least one message didn't get through: no one protests who doesn't care.

Some answers from noted educator Neil V. Sullivan

By Neil V. Sullivan

(Dr. Neil V. Sullivan, Berkeley superintendent of schools, is widely recognized as one of the nation's outstanding leaders in community planning and racial integration in urban schools. Here in capsule is Sullivan's approach to the critical problems of segregated schools, as adapted specially for The Guardian from a recent speech by Sullivan to the American Society of Planning Officials in Houston.)

The problems of urban living have been magnified—the birth rate increases, the death rate declines. Megalopolis becomes inundated with new immigrants who congregate in the inner-city slums, the modern ghetto, a familiar territory among familiar people, in a strange, alien, and hostile land.

The immigrant too often is deprived of housing in other parts of the city or suburbs, remains jobless, is shut out from the main economic, social and educational cultural stream.

There is de facto separation, segregation, second-class citizenship — consequent alienation. The by-product of anger and violence in the ghetto community matches the traditional white violence against those minority group members who would take their rightful places as first-class citizens. All of these elements join to complicate the festering problems of metropolis.

Can you imagine the year 1976 when there would be more than 20,000,000 Negroes living tightly packed in ghettos and attending segregated schools? If things continue on this "collision course," we must expect a Revolution 1976–200 years late — which would make the Revolution of 1776 look like a tea party.

Education goes it alone, seeking piecemeal or aspirin-like solutions. So does recreation, the police, fire, welfare, health; so, too, do planners and renewers who are caught in the crossfire between many competing vested interests. All are trapped by the realities of compounded problems and limited local tax sources.

Solutions come hard.

To continue to approach these interrelated problems separately and competitively is obviously suicidal. The buck is passed between agencies, between levels of government, from administrators to legislators and back again. The people suffer, especially the ghetto dwellers who have been patient for so long, but are losing patience rapidly. Witness Watts, Chicago, Harlem, Hunters Point. Witness, too, the discordant "lash back" of black-power.

Educators are confronted with the racial ghetto of the inner city. Though professionals divide, an increasing group of modern educators take my position. They agree that education needs massive revolution to meet the personal, individual and group needs of this generation of children and youth.

Experiment, research, development, evaluation, planning must be our tools. Continuing participation of public and students in policy and program development should be the militant vehicle for these necessary changes.

Perhaps the students could contribute as much or more than either professionals or parents to solving problems which concern them so deeply. Why shouldn't the students be represented on decision-making teams at every level of policy and program? They had better be if we would reverse the trend among them toward despair, alienation, narcotics, and defeat.

But excellence in education cannot be attained in segregated schools. This means: no rest for us until our vast increasing knowledge and technology are put to work to end segregation among schools and within schools.

This means the same wealth of intellectual, technological, human and material resource must focus on our classrooms so that every child may receive the modern preparation essential to the human struggle for survival. That means developing a teaching atmosphere and style capable of creating a nation of critically conscious problem-solvers.

If this requires quadrupling the financial investment in education, so be it. If this requires new forms of education, so be it. If it necessitates reorganization of school districts to cross inner city-suburb lines, welcome it!

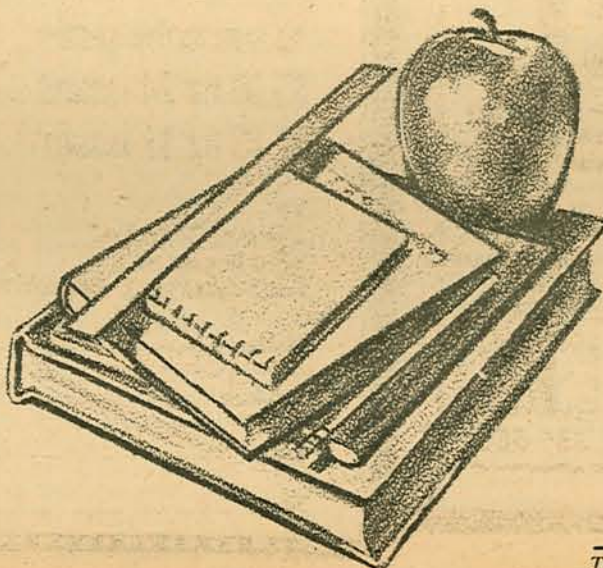
If this means busing on a grand scale as a temporary measure, favor it! If this means educational parks fashioned to the educational-interracial needs of each community, champion it! The evolving Berkeley Story attests to all of this.

Education's commitment to all the children of all the people must be spelled out and acted on.

First—an excellence far beyond the usual, involving every facet of program, staffing, teaching method and style, and ultra-modern technology.

Second — racial desegregation among all schools and within each school as a simultaneous first step.

Third — compensatory support services as a parallel ingredient to make up for long denial of privilege and to facilitate racial integration built upon the strengths inherent in cultural diversity. This is the minimal democratic goal of public education in this world at this time.



The cuts are healing but the battle was worth it

By our correspondent

Many of Gov. Reagan's publicized and criticized budget cuts are healing almost as fast as new slices can be made. Protests from university faculty and students, from mental health groups and from Reagan's own Republican party have restored millions of dollars in planned economies and built a \$5 billion budget—the highest in California history.

But no one in the governor's office will admit the battle wasn't worth it. And Reagan's aides have a good point. The anguish over the budget so far has helped the governor on two fronts:

- Justification for his tax program of nearly \$1 billion.
- His national image.

Just how Reagan stands with liberals across the nation concerned with attacks on education and mental health is of little importance to the governor's staff. Reagan's recent reception in Washington indicates the governor may go far—if he appeals to enough Republicans and to enough Democrats who admire his stance against spending.

MUCH of the comment coming into the State Capitol from across the country these days shows admiration for Reagan's economy drive without concern for anguished details.

"Ronald Reagan is going good," reads a phrase from a letter that echoes many other written comments.

Reagan knows it and he's leaving himself a loophole to grab for the 1968 Republican presidential nomination.

His massive tax program was introduced in the Legislature with nary a murmur about its size. The governor's previous hacking and chopping at the budget gave econ-

omy-minded legislators the impression that at least he tried.

YET Reagan's budget cuts were more than show. They remain, narrowed considerably, in some departments. And in state mental hygiene programs, the battle rages on even though Reagan has agreed to a delay in firing employees.

For Reagan, his economy plan was a religious crusade. But the results were confusing to the public and undoubtedly to the governor himself.

Those who have talked at length with the governor in his office agree that Reagan is sincere—but uninformed. They also agree that Reagan is intelligent—and willing to compromise.

REAGAN wanted 10 per cent cuts in all state operations using money

DATELINE SACRAMENTO

from the general fund—the state's biggest receiver and disbursing of revenue. Few cuts have come to more than eight per cent after weeks of haggling.

And that percentage may go down as Democratic-controlled finance committees act on Reagan's budget.

The system for making cuts was peculiar and gave critics the chance to react because so many steps were announced before final decisions were reached.

REAGAN'S first gesture came in his original budget in January. But the only economies were in coupons"

attached to department budgets calling for the 10 per cent cuts—with no details.

The governor then asked department heads—and higher education leaders—to tell him how they proposed to economize.

This produced immediate protests from educators, climaxed by massive student-faculty demonstrations in Sacramento. The storm over university and college budgets peaked before anyone had drawn up precise figures.

THE department heads who didn't yell when first pinched were holdover Brown appointees: John Erecca, public works director, and Dr. James Lowry, mental hygiene director.

Erecca and Lowry came in with the most substantial cuts suggested by any department head. Erecca proposed firing 1,200 highway division employees, Lowry 2,600 mental health workers. Lowry's plan provoked the next major furor after compromises in education were reached.

LOWRY had submitted several alternative proposals—and he made it clear none were "recommendations." They followed Reagan's 10 per cent "coupon" cuts.

In all cases, Reagan announced cuts drawn up by his department heads.

The governor had a system but anyone with true economy at heart might doubt its purpose. Even if he had succeeded in getting full 10 per cent cuts, the savings wouldn't have prevented a tax program of at least \$700-million.

But perhaps Reagan is just practicing—for a larger budget he hopes to tackle someday in Washington.

Exit Kuchel-- embarrassed

By our correspondent

WASHINGTON — Sen. Kuchel finally appears to be folding in the face of pressure from supporters that he make peace with Gov. Reagan. But the fiery senator's peace offering probably has done little to assure his political future.

During Reagan's recent visit here for the annual Gridiron dinner, Kuchel went far out of his way to patch up differences with the man whose election bid he spurned. Kuchel buddied up to the governor when Reagan met with California's full congressional delegation. Later, he happily told newsmen that Reagan would visit the senator's office for a discussion.

SHOWING the true relationship between the two men, Reagan then let it be known—through "leaks" to newsmen—that he had decided not to go to Kuchel's office. The senator, obviously embarrassed but undaunted, then went hat in hand to call on Reagan in his hotel suite.

Kuchel said after the 50-minute talk that he'd been amiably received. The two, he said, found they shared many common concerns and many of the same approaches to solving California problems.

But Reagan gave clearer insight into the true nature of the meeting and his future relationship with Kuchel when he announced, in frosty tones, that he still has no intention of supporting Kuchel in the 1968 primary.

Reagan's statement coincided with—and, it seemed, intentionally contrasted sharply with—Kuchel's announcement that he will support the governor's bid to head an uncommitted, favorite son delegation to next year's Republican national convention.

The circumstances of the meeting and the timing of the statements left no doubt who holds the upper hand.

THE WHOLE affair left a bitter taste in the mouths of Kuchel ad-

herents who have most cherished his political independence. But politically savvy backers of the senator

DATELINE WASHINGTON

were equally disappointed that Kuchel's adoption of the suppliant's role yielded so little.

They've long since concluded that Reagan's outright opposition in 1968 would end Kuchel's political career. Should Reagan back someone else in the primary, the senator would not survive.

Even if he gets past the primary, Kuchel's future would be precarious at best. He always has depended on Democratic support—but Democrats, seeking to recoup for their 1966 disaster, will not be anxious to vote for a Republican next year, no matter how liberal his record.

Should Sam Yorty be in the Democratic primary, the Los Angeles mayor could expect to benefit from this solidified Democratic loyalty while drawing support as well from the growing GOP conservative bloc.

THE ONE big factor Kuchel has going for him is Reagan's attempt to build a nationwide reputation among Republicans as the one man who can weld together divergent portions of the party. If he plays any overt part in a dump-Kuchel campaign, Reagan would be branded as just another Goldwater and no longer would fill the role as the healer of intraparty sores.

But it's clear the best Kuchel can expect is for Reagan to adopt a hands-off attitude, as Reagan did in his CRA speech, toward the senatorial re-election bid. That way, the governor will have the best of it under any circumstances. For if

Kuchel falls, the senator's defeat would contract pointedly with Reagan's own vote-getting abilities in a still heavily Democratic state; if Kuchel wins, Reagan can claim some credit for having started and perpetuated a GOP tide in California.

The latest Harris survey on Reagan's standing with Californians received wide attention in Washington's newspapers. It showed that just over half of those polled—and who would express an opinion—favored the governor's budgetary cutbacks for higher education.

The Harris survey was published just a few days after President and Mrs. Johnson and Secretary of Education Gardner concluded their foray into Appalachia to boost education programs in one of the nation's poorest areas. The poll-taking provided some stark counterpoint to their findings.

FOR instance, Gov. Hulett Smith of West Virginia proudly told the Johnsons that his state, pushing for new industry, had earmarked for education \$26 million of its \$35 million budget. That's just under 75 per cent, compared with about 55 per cent spent for education in California in the pre-Reagan era.

Now Reagan wants to slice by about one-sixth the amount given to higher education. Well, that might have public support for the present, but the nation's other governors don't seem to think it has staying power as a politically fruitful policy.

Govs. Romney of Michigan and New York's Rockefeller are budgeting boosts in educational funding, as are Republican governors of Minnesota, Oregon and Washington.

So Reagan charts a lonely political course. And in a period of economic uneasiness where states must look hard to keeping themselves on an even financial keel, the slightest economic downswing could cause him to regret short-changing education—the direct source of California's current prosperity.

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

They call the assemblyman from San Francisco's southwest area "Toilet Seat" Charlie.

That's because one of the few bills Charles W. Meyers has been successful in pushing through the California Legislature during his 19 year tenure is one requiring a free toilet for every so many pay toilets in public restrooms.

But if Charlie has been kind to impoverished souls, life has been increasingly unkind to him.

Last year, prior to the election, his loyal assistant turned on him, revealing that the simple, smiling legislator had a woman on his legislative payroll doing some baby-sitting in his home and that he used state-purchased postage stamps to pay a press agent.

The Assembly Rules Committee heard the charges against Meyers, tut-tutted and went on to other business.

Popular rumor had it that an arrangement had been made: Meyers would run for re-election with only nominal opposition, would win for the tenth time, would vote Democratic and would retire from public office when his term ends in 1968. In exchange, Democrats who control the rules committee would allow the charges to fade away.

But if a deal was arranged between the party and the assemblyman, it failed to include the San Francisco Grand Jury.

Early this month, the grand jury ended its own investigation of Meyers' conduct with an unprecedented letter to the Legislature and a threat that if the Legislature failed to act, the Grand Jury might.

And poor Charlie Meyers, his nickname bloodied but unbowed, is back on the hot seat again.

A garbage summit meeting was held last Saturday night at the Verdi Cafe in San Francisco.

Three key San Francisco supervisors (Roger Boas, Peter Tamaras and Kevin O'Shea), State Sen. George Moscone and the hierarchy of the scavengers attended the session of about 40 persons. The purpose of the meeting, The Guardian was told, was to let the officials at city hall know that the scavengers felt they weren't getting enough help in their losing battle to keep dumping garbage in the bay off Brisbane.

Few answers to the garbage dilemma emerged in the session, but an explanation did come of how the trouble started.

The Brisbane "hillbillies," as one put it, were too dumb to know they were being inundated in garbage, but they got help from an outside agitator, Kay Kerr. She is the wife of Clark Kerr, former Cal president, and a prime mover in the Save the Bay association.

In truth: Mrs. Kerr did scamper about in the background of the Brisbane fight and helped get "Cap" Weinberger to take the legal case, but the long opposition has come from the town and such scrappers as Luman C. Drake, Dr. Paul Goercke and Mayor Edward Schwenderlauf.

So much dirt is going into the bay with the garbage these days that many Brisbane people believe the fill plot near the Bayshore Freeway may be the bayside pad for the conveyor belt from San Bruno Mountain.

The conveyor belt, to emphasize once again, is proposed secretly by the David Rockefeller/Crocker/Ideal Cement interests to carry the top of San Bruno Mountain (400 feet off 600 acres of the mountain top for some 50,000,000 cubic yards of fill) over the bayshore freeway and down to the bay for ferrying to a giant proposed city-in-the-bay near the airport.

The conveyor belt proposal, long known by conservationists, but never publicly acknowledged by the Big Three, was formally confirmed for the first time by Haig Ayanian, deputy district engineer, in a recent letter to the Redwood City Civic Association in Redwood City.

The belt proposal, he said, requires "considerable investigation" regarding engineering factors, traffic safety and esthetics and, for these reasons, the commission must study alternate factors. The proposal, he said, could be handled in two ways by the Division of Highways—either by lease of air rights or through an encroachment permit. In the first case, action could come at a regular commission meeting without a public hearing; in the second case, the commission could grant the proposal by administrative action, he said.

In short: a mountain comes down and fill for thousands of acres of the bay can be made available, but there's no provision for a public hearing.

The big three once were known as the Pacific Air Commerce Center. But they've donned fresh corporate fronts, added four mysterious Delaware corporations (Tartan Bay, Inc., Jericho Bay, Inc., Burlingame Bay Investing Corp., and Belmont Bay Investing Co.) and changed the name to Westbay Associates. But the scheme remains the same: opening up San Bruno to one of the greatest earth-moving projects since the pyramids.

There may be some changes, however. The corporate legerdemain, some speculate, may mean that Ideal Cement and Rockefeller may be easing out of the triumvirate. Rockefeller may not want to fight a two front war: for mammoth bay-filling in the South Bay and for mammoth view-blocking in San Francisco (with his Embarcadero project) at the same time.

The San Francisco Olympic Club's rugby team, now on a European tour, picked a propitious time to go abroad. The club found it couldn't get games with West Coast rugby teams because of its recently disclosed restrictive clause forbidding Negroes to join the club.

UCLA was the first to cancel its game with the Olympic club after the story hit the papers. The University of Oregon and Oregon State followed suit and, as a final insult, the Monterey Tournament (the annual West Coast championship matches which the club long helped to run) refused to allow the Olympic club to participate.

Stung by these snubs, the club cancelled the rest of its local schedule and consoled itself with an upcoming European tour. Fortunately for them, the English, Welsh and French have no objection to lily-white rugby teams.

Incredible though it may sound, my files were growing by themselves

By Jess Brownell

Probably the most interesting piece of news to come to light recently was the disclosure that the practice of spying on one's fellows has become an integral part of life on our college campuses.

It seems that local police in many areas are using students (or people posing as students) as undercover agents to track down users and sources of LSD and marijuana.

At Brigham Young, students have been secretly gathering information on the suspected liberal proclivities of some of their teachers.

At Illinois, turning the coin, a former FBI man who heads the security office keeps elaborate files on presumed leftists among the student body.

The University of Texas is also said to keep a close watch on politically deviate students, and it's likely the whole business is more general than has been reported.

Now on the face of it, these revelations are terribly disturbing. After all, one reason we have schools is to provide America with the trained men and women it will require in the future.

If our society is going to need spies in great number during the years ahead, it's certainly up to our colleges and universities to turn them out. No question about that.

It is as a result of this increased campus activity, though, that a rather ominous development has come to my attention. I will call my informant Professor X (since that is what everyone else calls him), and I think I can safely reveal that he is a CIA man currently assigned to teaching duties in the Espionage Department of a major California university.

I have lately had two communications from him, and while I have deleted certain personal observations of no interest to anyone else, I present them here otherwise unedited and in the order in which

THE SPY GAME

they were received:

"Normally, as you know, I'm a field man, and I don't suppose I'd ever have noticed anything if this teaching business hadn't come along. The first course I was given was Spying I, and for a while everything went smoothly.

"I kept it simple: methods of observation; wastebasket searching and drawer rifling; ordinary bugging; ingratiation; that sort of thing. I don't think it pays to concentrate too much on technique with beginners, and what I was chiefly trying to do was instill the correct mental attitude.

In the right frame of mind, I told them again and again, betraying your friends can be fun. I felt I was making progress, and was not unhappy with my work.

"But then I began to sense that not all of my students were what they represented themselves to be. One of the boys, for example, persisted in taking notes in class, and I knew from my own school days that that constituted suspicious behavior.

"And there was a girl who was... excessively friendly, shall I say? It was obvious that someone had an eye on me, and I suspected our campus security chief, an excellent man but inclined somewhat to overzealousness.

"I approached him on the matter, and he readily admitted he was having me watched. When I demanded an explanation, he told me that a recent routine check of his files had turned up a report that I harbored dangerously left-wing opinions, and he had had no choice but to put me under surveillance.

"I pointed out that such a report was ridiculous. He knew my background in spying and it was spotless, my record was that of a good solid professional who had never held an opinion of any kind.

He agreed that was how it appeared, but said the report existed nevertheless, and he had to act on it. He looked at me quite strangely when I left.

"Well, despite my short stay on the campus, my personal files were fairly extensive, and I delved into them straightaway to see what I had on the security chief. I found enough to relieve my mind about any immediate danger to me (he had been selling confiscated drugs), but I also found two items that troubled me considerably.

"One was an extremely juicy tidbit about one of the lady English teachers. I couldn't remember ever seeing it before.

"The other was a long, detailed report on the political activities of a man whose name was totally unfamiliar to me. Where, I wondered, had they come from?

"It struck me that perhaps my students were playing tricks on me, so I made a thorough check of all my material and spent the next two days and nights in the office.

"I can swear no one came in, yet when I reopened the files there was another new report, this one on the use of drugs by a student leader who had always supported the administration. I could no longer close my mind to what was happening.

Incredible though it may sound, my files were growing by themselves. By themselves.

"It's not a thing I've been able to discuss with anyone, of course. For a month I have watched and waited, and they are still growing, producing an average of a new report every three days, though they follow no predictable rhythm, sometimes going four or five days without doing anything, then giving me (giving me?) two or three reports in the space of 24 hours.

"I know what I have to do. I hate to lose the information, but the phenomenon is too strange, too potentially dangerous, to be allowed to proceed. I have no choice. I shall have to destroy everything and resign myself to fate."

The following note was in today's mail:

"I have not destroyed my files. Two things have happened, and now I am convinced it would be useless.

"First I found a new report. On me. It contains apparently irrefutable evidence that I am a member of a rightwing terrorist group. It's not true. I know that it's not true.

"Then, this morning, I saw the campus FBI man. He was rushing toward the office of the president of the university, and he had his hand on his hip pocket and a very odd expression on his face.

"My God, what if none of it's true, anywhere?"

Let there be soup, and there was soup

A Washington (D.C.) scientist offers the theory that life on earth began from a "thin soup" in the primitive ocean, rather than from a "thick soup" as previous theory held. —News item.

We greet this news with a joyous whoop—
Our life began in a thin sea soup!
Ring out, wild bells, and chime out louder—
We didn't start out in an ocean chowder!
Three cheers! Yippee!
Huzzah! Hurray!
Instead we sprang from a consomme!
Plagued as we are by sin and sloth,
At least we know that we came from broth,
Instead of a lumpy bouillabaisse
As the origin of life and the human race!
Small wonder that man so capers and struts—
We've progressed all the way from soup to nuts.

by Gerald Kloss
(Milwaukee Journal)

THEY SAID IT...

Adm. William D. Leahy, on the atom bomb (May 1945): "This is the biggest fool thing we have ever done. The bomb will never go off, and I speak as an expert in explosives." —Quoted in Ruth Moore, "Niels Bohr," p. 367.

"It's a neat scientific trick, but it can have no possible military value."—Charles Erwin Wilson, Secretary of Defense, on Spatnik I, Oct. 8, 1957.

"We believe in the right of the individual to lead his own life, so long as his interests do not conflict with those of the state."—Benito Mussolini (1928), quoted in Geo. Sylvester Viereck, "Glimpses of the Great," p. 70.

"[Marshal] Foch believed firmly in the miracles of the Bible. He prayed daily.

"'War,' he remarked, 'brings home to all of us the practical importance of religion.' In that respect the Supreme Commander of the Allied forces agreed with William II."—Geo. Sylvester Viereck, "Glimpses of the Great," p. 127.

"Bolshevism as an idea is dead in Russia... The Bolshevik rule... is at the end of its tether. It may topple in three weeks or it may live three years. It can scarcely last longer."—Grand Duke Alexander of Russia (1923), in Geo. Sylvester Viereck, "Glimpses of the Great," p. 182.

"What are your hopes for American literature?" (I asked Frank Harris).

"It is difficult," Harris replied, "to predict anything, though some of the young writers like William Bullitt fill me with hope of a great novel. In any case, Sinclair, Dreiser, and Bullitt are the equal of Wells, Bennett, and Maugham."—Geo. Sylvester Viereck, "Glimpses of the Great," p. 291.

—Or, Frank Harris makes strange bedfellows.

"I expect a negotiated peace in Vietnam any day, most any day... My political bones tell me it will be before Election Day." —Barry Goldwater, as quoted in Newsweek, Sept. 7, 1964, p. 30.



George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co.©

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The Photograph

By Phil Palmer

The extent to which a photographer should tamper with the unique capacity of the camera to portray a scene or an event will always be debated.

Photographers use colored filters to alter values in a black and white picture. They often adjust exposure times and use darkroom manipulations to heighten the impact of a photograph without basically altering the factual image. The most knowing camera workers long ago abandoned such subterfuges as soft focus lenses and processes tending to obscure the image.

To present the loneliness and drama of a puddle-ridden country road, David Holman effectively abandoned "straight" photography. He placed a magnifying glass in front of his camera lens during exposure of the film to achieve this spectacular effect.

In the hands of an inept photographer, this technique can become a mere trick or a meaningless gimmick; when used by a skilled craftsman like Holman, it produces a strikingly beautiful photograph.

A lonely road

by David Holman



Bennett and the American flag

By Phil Palmer

If anyone questions the camera's ability to produce highly personal images from everyday subject matter, I suggest he visit Gordon Bennett's current photography exhibit

at the M.H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco.

Bennett isolates events which presumably reflect his philosophy of the contemporary world. Some do not present a particularly happy scene.

The American flag, a Bennett symbol, appears in many of his prints. There are flag-draped coffins, a man carrying a flag at a parade, serious Negro cadets with the flag.

His cadet closeups are strong, helmets glistening in the sun, beneath which one barely glimpses the whites of their eyes.

There are disturbing, macabre images, evidently caught in the store-rooms of a Hollywood film studio, of dummy cadavers stacked as if in the catacombs. Edward Weston photographed similar subjects years ago, but none of his humor is present in Bennett's photographs.

These photographs, then, are not simple, objective recordings, but provocative, personal images open to interpretation.

Bennett, a Mill Valley resident, is on the art faculty of San Francisco State College. The show will be through April 30.

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A link with the past



Ken Paul Bay Guardian Co.

This is the Victorian residence of Ernest Becker Colona, a sculptor, at 1819 Jackson St., San Francisco. It is one of a series of pen and ink drawings of old San Francisco buildings by Ken Paul, San Mateo artist and print-maker, that will appear regularly in *The Guardian*.

Berkeley's New Left-down but still climbing after city elections

By Ralph Arlyck

(This analysis of the New Left's recent defeat in Berkeley is written by Ralph Arlyck, editor of the *Communique* for New Politics. He is a 1966 graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism.)

BERKELEY — For election campaigns that generate as much excitement as do Berkeley's, the aftermaths certainly fizzle.

Incumbents win, nobody is surprised, the city takes three weeks to get the precinct-by-precinct results out to the public and the local press dutifully reports that the New Left has taken another beating. Actually, its neither that simple nor uninteresting.

Take the results of the April 4 municipal election. Incumbents did win. Mayor Wallace Johnson and the three councilmen were returned to office. But a fourth vacancy was filled by a Negro social planning consultant, Ronald V. Dellums, who conducted a straight forward anti-war, anti-discrimination campaign.

The Community for New Politics (CNP) ran stronger than it did last June when Robert Scheer almost captured the Democratic congressional primary.

JERRY Rubin, the university's former Viet Nam Day Committee organizer, muddled his radical CNP campaign with bombshell issues of legalized abortion and marijuana, but still polled more than 7,000 votes. The complete results:

Mayor

*Wallace S. J. Johnson	25,224
Jerry Rubin (CNP)	7,385
Fred Huntley	2,160
Peter Camejo (Socialist Workers' Party)	1,019

Council

*Joseph P. Bort	21,494
*Bernice Hubbard May	20,522
*John K. DeBonis	18,817
*Ronald V. Dellums	17,171
Borden L. Price	15,312
J. B. Neilands (CNP)	10,876
Robert Avakian (CNP)	10,490
Howard Harawitz (CNP)	8,025
Donald Schary	4,796
Linnie L. Darden	3,129
Morton L. Berns	2,562
Jaimey Allen (SWP)	1,494
Charlie (Brown) Artman	1,148
Brian Shannon (SWP)	903
Geoffrey White	869
Ove Aspy (SWP)	560

Losers, after any election, put forth all sorts of mathematical gyrations to prove they are not really losers. CNP calculations, however, show more strength than the group was generally credited with getting.

CNP figures that, since Scheer took 53 per cent of the votes in Berkeley last June in a town that is 70 per cent Democratic, he got some 35 per cent of the entire electorate. This assumes that almost no Republicans would have gone for Scheer had they voted.

This election is harder to analyze than the June primary because it had so many more candidates and vacancies; using the Auditor's contest as a guide and comparing the CNP council candidate totals with the winners; the CNP appears again to have taken about a third of the vote.

THE significant difference is that some 20,000 voters were automatically dropped from the registration rolls for this election because they did not vote in the last gubernatorial race. An extremely high proportion of this total presumably were liberals who decided Brown was not a meaningful alternative to Reagan — the official CNP position.

Of this 20,000, the CNP managed to re-enroll only 3,999, cutting themselves off from a sizable bloc of New Left supporters. There were several other factors that damaged the New Left campaign.

RUBIN, with his strong hippie identification, probably hurt more than helped the CNP.

Several influential Negro leaders, including former state assemblyman W. Byron Rumford and Councilman Wilmont Sweeney, endorsed the incumbents, which they did not do in June.

Berkeley's only daily paper, *The Gazette*, unleashed a vicious red-smear attack on the CNP several days before the election. The series read something like a society column — what well-known communist was recently seen covorting with what prominent CNP member, etc.

DESPITE these handicaps, the CNP has emerged from the municipal election with a fairly solid political base. If it can poll one-third of the vote, working completely outside the two parties, it can probably cause much havoc within the Democratic Party. This will undoubtedly figure strongly in 1968 elections. Already there is talk of another CNP independent slate.

The remarkable thing is that the day after election all defeated New Left candidates immediately threw themselves and their supporters into spring Peace Mobilization activities and Elijah Turner's Oakland City Council campaign. In politics, it's a safe assumption that an organization is not dead if it feels itself very much alive.

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The case of the deserving rich

When John Robinson died as speaker of the House of Burgesses and treasurer of the colony of Virginia, Purdie's Virginia Gazette (May 16, 1766) declared it with unintended irony "a calamity to be lamented by the unfortunate and indigent who were wont to be relieved and cherished by his humanity and liberality."

The San Francisco Examiner/Chronicle could as well say the same of the conviction of Assessor Russell Wolden on bribery charges.

For the Robinson Affair and the Wolden scandal have some striking similarities. The embarrassing dimensions of Robinson's generosity, though long suspected, weren't confirmed until his estate was audited. It was then discovered that Robinson had drawn some 100,000 pounds from the public treasury to lend to scores of his aristocratic friends in financial distress. Amounts varied from William Byrd III's 14,921 pounds to Richard Henry Lee's 12 pounds to Patrick Henry's 11 pounds.

However, when this vast network of indebtedness was disclosed, nobody reproached Robinson for misappropriating public funds; in fact, Robinson's successor was denounced for hinting at some impropriety and Gov. Fauquier expressed the general sentiment, upon appraisal of the facts, by saying: "Such was the Sensibility of his too benevolent Heart."

As The Guardian's page one story

makes clear for the first time, nobody has said much about the 900 or so San Francisco business firms who profited in unpaid taxes from the "sensibility" and "benevolence" of Russell Wolden. Nor about the fact that bribery charges haven't been filed against the fixers as they were against the fixed. Nor about the non-assessment of penalties for back taxes. Nor about the 25 law firms representing the companies in chummy sessions at city hall. Nor about the fact that the firms, and the amount of taxes they owe, haven't been made public. Nor about the fact that neither the Examiner nor the Chronicle, nor any other news media, have pressed for this information.

Well, there are important things to be done these days in San Francisco. David Rockefeller must be hosted in style. Brisbane must be denounced for refusing to serve as the city's garbage dump. Health codes must be enforced among hippies. Busses must be routed around Haight-Ashbury. Grant View Park hill must be scaled with houses. Candlestick Hill must be carted away by the scavengers. The waterfront must be blocked forever, from us all, in a public development on public land using public money.

Who has the time or the inclination to fret about the collection of \$11 million in unpaid taxes that you and I paid to help subsidize business in San Francisco?

A moral tale

"You admit pornography is in the hands of kids but say it doesn't hurt them," charged Sen. Donald Grunsky (R-Watsonville) in a senate hearing on anti-smut legislation. "I wish these great visionaries could explain to us what has happened to our minors—why so many young girls become pregnant. . ."

"Not from reading books, senator," an ACLU attorney interjected.

This exchange neatly sums up a major argument against the moral gladiators at large in the libraries: the cause and effect between pornography and promiscuity hasn't been determined. The cause and effect between anti-smut legislation and censorship has.

Pray for service

Let us examine the record of the post office in serving just one small business, The Bay Guardian.

From the outset of publication, subscribers never have gotten their mail regularly or on time. Subscribers in Rock Rapids, Ia., and Fremont, Neb., get papers days before they reached, for example, a Guardian investor in Ross in Marin County. Subscribers in Redwood City often get the papers eight or nine days after being mailed in the Rincon annex in San Francisco.

One batch of third class mail was held up, on a technicality, for almost a day without notifying The Guardian. The delay was discovered quite accidentally by a Guardian representative who returned to the post office with an additional mailing the next day. A batch of invitations to the Guardian's Press-Warming Party, mailed a week before, didn't get to Berkeley until three days after the party. Total time: 9 days.

The Guardian wasted countless hours when it got conflicting stories, varying almost by the day, of how the paper must proceed to get a second class mailing permit. Then: an opinion from Washington reversed much of what the local office had been saying for weeks.

In short: it has been an endless battle to get the mail through, to get correct information, to get sympathetic reaction on complaints, to get explanations for slow mail or unnecessary delays. At first, the Guardian spoke softly, but it quickly learned a lesson: you get action only when you roar into Rincon annex like longshoremen ready to clean up a saloon.

No, the post office doesn't need to be turned into a "non-profit corporation," removing it still further from the people and the business it is supposed to serve by constitutional mandate. What it needs is more money, more mechanization, more skilled talent, but, most important, a commitment on the part of its employees and management to get the mail through quickly and efficiently.

Coziness in space

The tragic death of three astronauts in an Apollo spacecraft test has been attributed to the workmanship of a portion of the spacecraft built by North American Aviation.

So intense has been the criticism of the disaster that Sen. Stennis' investigating subcommittee this week asked NASA Administrator James Webb whether he intends—as has been suggested—to cancel all space contracts with North American.

Webb refused to discuss North America's contracts, a position that highlights the disturbingly intimate relationship of North American to the men who have run our space program.

Webb was appointed NASA administrator when the Kennedy administration took office, largely because he was the late Sen. Robert Kerr's protege. Kerr, then described as the "most powerful man in the Senate," was at that time chairman of the senate subcommittee which oversaw—and necessarily influenced—the awarding of space contracts.

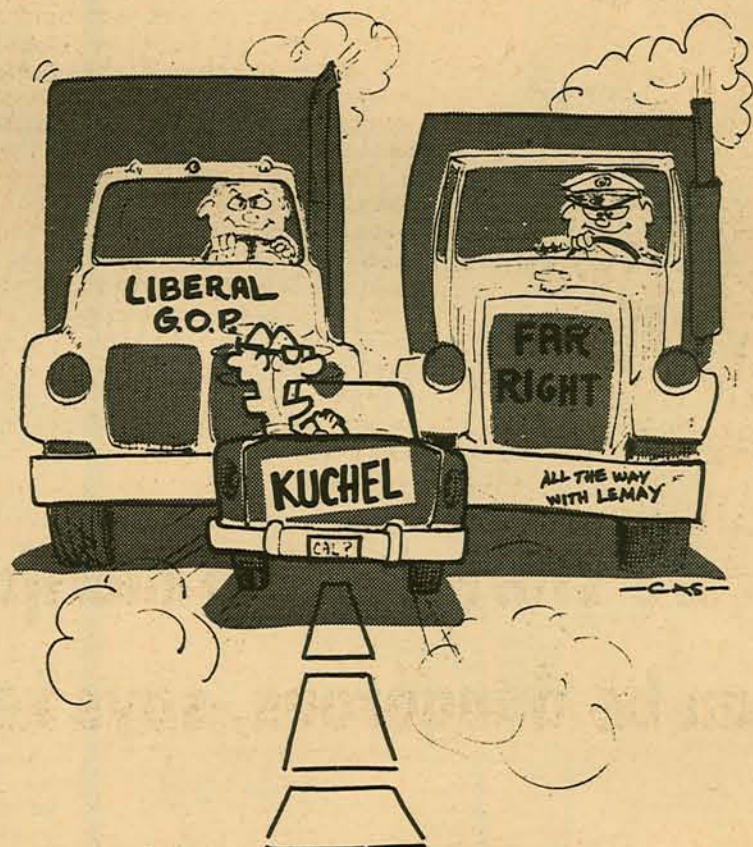
Webb had been a director of Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, a Kerr-controlled company, and before his NASA appointment was North American's president.

Shortly after his appointment, North American, awarded the Apollo and other space contracts, opened the plant in Tulsa, Okla., Kerr's home state. Thus North American's relationship to NASA has always been suspiciously cozy.

Grab it all!

In an expose in its first edition last fall, The Guardian successfully triggered enough opposition to stop the giveaway of 458 acres of valuable slough land in the South Bay from the state to the Leslie Salt Co. Leslie wanted the land free and clear to facilitate its housing developments in the tideflats.

The State Lands Commission has held



Steve Casalaggio
Bay Guardian®

up the complicated title swap because of the publicity and protests. Leslie then filed suit to quiet title to the slough's 458 acres it claimed.

"It is reasonably anticipated," paragraph III of the complaint says, "that all right, title and interest of the State of California to the lands described in Exhibit A will be conveyed to plaintiff herein upon final approval thereof by the State Lands Commission." In San Mateo County alone, a rough tally of exhibit A comes to 8,917 acres.

The lands commission reluctantly held a public hearing on Dec. 8, but it failed to say anything about the possibility of

quieting title to all of Leslie's swamp and overflowed holdings (some 53,000 acres in three South Bay counties) upon confirmation of the deal. Neither Leslie nor the commission have answered written questions on this point.

If Leslie is attempting to quiet title to its holdings at this late date, there must be good reason. The rest of us ought to know what it is. . .

It is time for another public hearing and a full explanation from both the State Lands Commission and from the district attorneys of Alameda, Santa Clara and San Mateo County who are charged with protecting "waste or ungranted lands."

To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To

To the editor:

Your paper removes the object from my despair about the future of a hill-less peninsula, bay-less and walled-in San Francisco. If you have old copies of The Bay Guardian gathering dust, turning yellow, please send me some—I'll make good use of them.

I have a lead for another article or series, if you're interested. Noisy jets, private planes and helicopters fly overhead in increasing numbers. Did you know that these noises damage the inner ear, leading in time to decreased or lost hearing in certain areas of our sound spectrum?

The Sound Abatement Director for this area is Mr. Ted Huggins (Tel. YU 1-4488). I have made a special point of registering complaints with him.

After the first complaint, I received in the mail a brochure praising the services of S.F. airport. It tells us how many people earn their livings and how many tax dollars are collected because of it.

On another occasion, Mr. Huggin's comment was that jet sounds are in the same decibel range as motor-

cycle sound—that what I should do is sound proof my dwelling, offering me the name of a Co. in San Bruno who will do it for about \$40 per room.

Mr. Huggins is, I think, employed by the Federal government. It seems to me that his efforts are directed toward abating the sounds of disgruntled citizens rather than, say, penalizing private aircraft for flying over this city; or preparing to see the airport moved further inland where space would be available to handle super-jets (that noise will be unbearable), increased volume of traffic and missile transportation.

William J. Ardito, M.D.
San Francisco

To the editor:

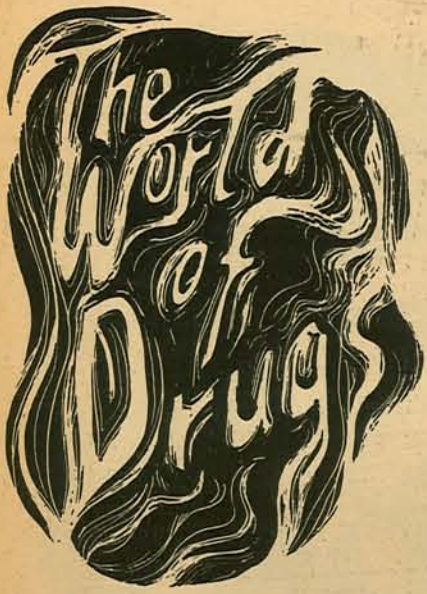
The clemency hearing for Aaron Mitchell on Monday was not attended by the only man who has the power to grant clemency, the governor. Rather than consider, no matter how painfully, the case of a man's life, he (Ronnie-baby) was too involved in a tribal rite involving a gilded graven image.

Loy Wiese
Berkeley

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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Scare stories about marijuana Can be dangerous, says report

It is a mistake, say UC researchers, to think that youngsters first experiment with drugs, then move on to a life of drug use.

The opposite is true.

It is also wrong to assume that drug use develops naturally from emotional disturbances, personality deficiencies or dislocations in the social structure.

In fact, the organization, codes and practices of the drug world operate as a selective device, indicating "the kind of youngsters who will be accepted at one point or another and, by the same token, the kind of person who will be denied access to drugs."

Says the UC report:

"It is not possible to buy drugs in the same way that one would buy shoes; one cannot just go to an open, available source and make a purchase."

"It is necessary to know people who have drugs. . . This indispensable step brings into play a highly important selective process which serves to automatically exclude a large bulk of the youngsters from drug use."

UC researchers say that in order to understand how youngsters are led to use drugs, one must first recognize how they themselves limit the types of people they will introduce to drugs.

"Although mellow dudes, pot heads and players have easy access to the marketplaces, any recent initiate who arrives on the scene, willing to try drugs, must fulfill a number of requirements."

"TURNING someone on" to a drug, usually marijuana, is an expression of friendship, trust and acceptance usually put forth by a close friend or relative.

"After they learn to use drugs for pleasure, being turned on and turning others on becomes an established social practice, similar. . . to buying a friend a drink. . ."

Continues the report: "For the most part a youngster must present an image of being 'good people' before he is allowed to enter into drug using circles. . ."

"He must establish himself in the eyes of his peers, and he must have a reputation of being trustworthy and of being someone who can always 'maintain his cool.'"

"Very few youngsters in the lower strata will turn on a stranger, or even a mere acquaintance, for the first time. In fact, many youngsters will not even turn on a close friend if they know he has never used drugs."

"AND IT is rare indeed for a youth to actively seek out people to turn on."

Nonetheless, says the report, there are exceptions to this general rule. Rowdy dudes, for example, do not care who they turn on and might even deliberately give dangerous drugs to an unsuspecting person:

"... I turned on somebody one night just to blow their mind. I had a bullet red Lilly cap, and I filled it full of 500 mikes (micrograms of LSD-25)

Marijuana arrests among young people in California jumped a massive 140 per cent last year, Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch reported recently. And the arrest of 5,934 teenagers, experts agree, represent only a small fraction of the juveniles who use drugs.

This rapidly expanding drug marketplace is a new, totally alien world for most parents struggling to "understand" their children. The key is authentic, objective information: the problem is finding it.

Thus the Guardian is excerpting portions of a much-discussed report on the activities of a unique, federally-financed center established in the "flatlands" of Oakland nearly two years ago. This report of the University of California School of Criminology staff went to the President's Committee on Delinquency and Youth Crime.

Though UC researchers worked mainly with lower-class minority groups, they point out that the drug marketplace and the attitudes and classes of drug users parallel closely higher social groups in which drug use is now widespread.

and just gave it to the broad, and she blew it, and just righteously blew it. Sat off in the corner and babbled incoherently all night. And I felt boss (good). . ."

But a more notable exception to this rule, it is pointed out, arises in the case of family members in ghetto areas.

It is a routine occurrence for a child to catch an older brother "getting loaded" on marijuana.

"It is very important to recognize that older marijuana users will often turn on their younger brothers to prevent them from sniffing glue, drinking wine or risking the chance of being arrested."

Two boys illustrate this remarkable use of marijuana:

"... I found out a lot about my little brother sniffing glue, and I used to whip on him thinking he'll hang it up. But he wasn't gonna hang it up, man. You know, he got busted three times behind glue, and I couldn't reason with him at all, 'cause behind my back he would go sniffing glue with his younger partners who were all in that bag. So I says if there's anything gonna make him grow up and see the light, it's weed. If he gets loaded, he'll stop sniffing glue and be more cautious. Start the time machine going, see, 'cause if you smoke grass you're bound to be with people that are older and more cool. So I started getting him loaded, and he's never sniffed glue since then, and he's never been busted again. . ."

"... When I get married and have a kid, if I ever catch him drinking wine, I'll beat the hell out of him and stick a joint in his mouth. And if the kid can hold his mug (keep secret) about it, he's gonna be alright. . ."

the drug. When a person goes hay-wire behind wine, you know he's gonna do it behind weed, because weed is an even better excuse. So these people are a sure bust (certain to be arrested)."

A lame dude is a "mama's boy" in the eyes of cool people. Says the report:

"If a lame youngster thinks about drugs at all, he believes that they turn the user into a wild, uncontrollable maniac or a degenerate addict."

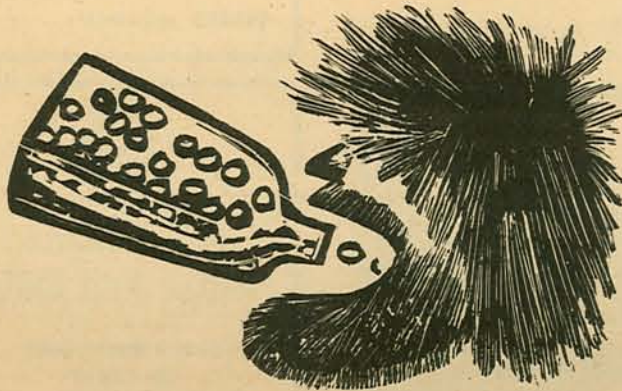
"Normally, such youths spend their leisure time participating in church or community sponsored activities, doing homework and many times perform exceptionally well scholastically."

"A 'lamer' is not turned on because he is likely to reject anyone known to use drugs and is likely to tell his parents about his unusual experience."

TO FIND out if a youth is lame, he is put through a variety of test situations, since the most severe threat to any adolescent drug user is the "snitch," or the "loud mouth poop butt."

"One who looks and acts lame, who talks loud in public, who is considered to be 'weak minded,' or who does not maintain his cool at the proper time is very likely to be viewed as a potential snitch."

Since young drug users train themselves to recognize plainclothes police officers and to maintain their cool while being interrogated, one good test of a person's worth lies in how he conducts himself while talking to police.



In social circles of cool people, an initiate must prove himself before he will be turned on. An initiate can also be tested.

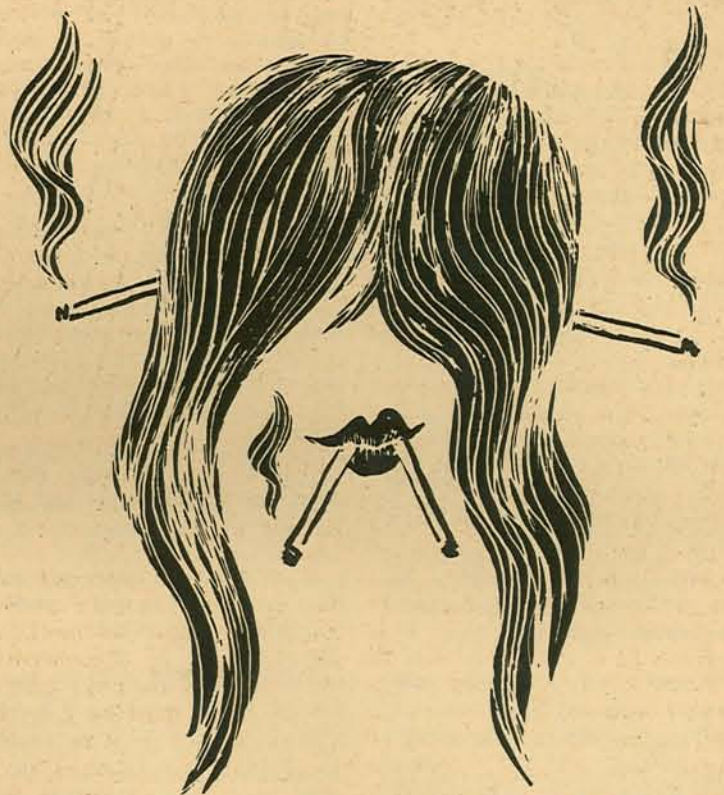
"If an initiate presents an image of being a rowdy dude, a lame, a loud mouth, or a snitch, he will not gain access to the market. On the other hand, if an initiate has a reputation for being 'good people' drugs will literally be thrust before him."

"... A person who always blows the gig at parties behind drinking, is gonna still do it behind weed. So you shine them people on (reject them) real fast. See, it's in HIM, not

"... The people that might just snitch are scared when they see the heat. Or they just don't seem like they can hold their cool, see. Like a lame sucker, he's under his people's supervision. You don't turn on them people, they'll run off at the mouth fast and tell everything they know. Lot of my partners got busted from snitches. . ."

Stress UC researchers: "Even though a person is willing to try drugs and lives in a neighborhood where use is high, there is no guarantee that he will gain access to the drug market."

Part 3 of the Guardian's revealing series



George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co.®

"The youngster cannot be rowdy, lame, a potential snitch or loud-mouthed in public. In order to establish a reputation as 'good people' he must be calm, sensible, soft-spoken, sharply dressed and personable."

"In general, the cool youngster will be casually curious about different 'trips,' as well as familiar with drug argot. Youngsters who are self-confident and cool in their demeanor will usually be admitted to the adolescent drug marketplace."

However, simply because a youngster is cool, it does not follow that he uses drugs.

THEREFORE, UC researchers sought answers to several questions: What experiences build a willingness to try anything once? How do youngsters develop a curiosity about what lies behind the drug experience? How do young people form their images of different drugs?

For many youngsters in the lower strata, formation of a favorable image of drugs comes about naturally and at an early age, because of its sanctioned use in the home or neighborhood—age is the only limiting factor.

However, most youngsters, even in the lower strata, have no real knowledge of the use of drugs, particularly marijuana.

"... I was around there for years (a particular neighborhood area of high drug use), and I refused it all the time, because it was instilled in my mind that marijuana was needles and a bunch of hassle."

I heard it was supposed to send you on a weird voyage, and you could murder people, and actually what it did was change your character and make a monster of you. This was my picture of it. You was a monster. You know, loud in public, jumping on people, biting and scratching. So actually, I was fearful of it. Really.

And then too, when people used it and I was around 'em and they go on their trips, here I am, I'm not on no trip, and they look funny, and I'd be expecting them to change right away, see. So I'd get up and go, and really I'd miss out on what's going on.

After I'd leave, I'd picture what's going on. Oh man, I bet they tearing that house up, fighting each other and biting. But then after I seen 'em when they was high and they didn't go through these changes, I just went on and tried it (marijuana) and it was mellow, you know. . ."

The question: How are early drug-using reservations overcome and changed?

Typically, say UC researchers, by emulating an older group.

"They wanted to be accepted by those who were really 'making it' and they consciously sought out the elusive quality of being cool."

"SOME youngsters even spent hours in front of the mirror practic-

ing their conversation, combing their hair, imagining themselves in a variety of encounters with the opposite sex, observing their posture and looking at themselves from the standpoint of their image of cool people."

Curiosity is also a factor. Say UC workers:

"From our accounts it seems, however, that this factor is aroused or brought into play primarily by observations of drug-using associates, yielding a picture that belies the notion that the use of drugs reduces the youngsters to a wild, degenerate state."

Incidentally, adds the report, it is after an initial satisfaction of their curiosity, that curiosity really emerges as a potent factor.

"... FINDING that the initial experience did not conform to their horror conceptions of the drug, they are ready to discount across the board the conventional scare-like images applied to a wide range of drugs."

"Thus, many of the youngsters are led to try a large variety of drugs on the ground that most other drugs must be equally harmless."

Warn UC researchers: "This is one of the unanticipated consequences of the practice in the conventional world of depicting marijuana use as if it were a dangerously addicting narcotic like heroin."

The report sketches a typical setting in which a cool person who does not use drugs may be persuaded to try marijuana:

"DURING a spontaneous social gathering between intimate friends, people may be casually enjoying themselves while smoking marijuana, listening to music and 'tripping' on a variety of things."

"A non-user might then comment, 'I don't see what you guys get out of that!' 'We get loaded,' a friend remarks, and everyone breaks out in laughter as they focus attention on the initiate."

"HE THEN becomes a 'trip.' 'Why don't you go on and try it, man?' It's really not that bad, and it's not habit-forming."

"And a fellow sitting next to him may proceed to tell him 'Look at us. Do you see us ranting like wild animals, yelling in the street, poking needles in our arms, rolling on the floor sloppy drunk?'"

"The skeptical initiate may then present the range of arguments against the use of drugs. . . and he may be experiencing the feeling of isolation. . ."

Although the setting and the number of people may vary, says the report, this type of interaction illustrates the essential features of being persuaded to turn on.

NEXT: How initiates become drug users.

Never fear, your chief has not forgotten you!

By W.G. Gaffney

Considering that our circulation still lags a trifle behind that of the dailies, it is most gratifying to learn that we are already not without influence in Sacramento.

When we proposed, recently, that the suffocating incubus of the University of California be lifted from the taxpayers by turning it over to private enterprise, we did not at that moment propose the next step, though it lay visibly between the lines. Let raucous scoffers at the acumen of Gov. Reagan bow in apology: He got the message.

To a correspondent who wrote protesting the inequity of taxing the childless for schools, and proposing that tuition fees be applied "to high schools and eventually grade schools." Gov. Reagan replied that this was not a bad idea and that he would, now or later, support the "suggestion about extending this to other levels of education."

He carefully added that lower-level education is compulsory, and "this is a factor that must be taken into consideration."

WHEN a flurry of publicity arose, Gov. Reagan — having long ago learned, on horseback, the dangers of crossfire — explained and modified his statement. Except for the immediate noise and the politico's automatic reaction to noise, he need

not have attempted to reverse himself so rapidly.

His general opinions are known, and it is more or less common knowledge that whatever a man says on the spur of the moment — under hypnosis, or under sodium pentothol or under the stress of dictating letters — is likely to represent his true thoughts. And, after all, he was elected, by a swinging majority, precisely because of such thoughts.

Now that we may assume that His Excellency is one of our devoted readers, we urge him not to feel it necessary to retreat on this issue. He is — as we implied in our earlier editorial — in good company. There is the ex-junior-Senator from our sister state, B. Goldwater ("No child has a right to be educated at public expense").

There is the little group of serious thinkers surrounding Ayn Rand, Nathaniel Branden, and, last but not least, the late Adolphe Menjou, who feel that any taxation which does not at once put money back into the individual taxpayer's pocket is "altruism" (a dirty word.)

A LOCAL official of a teachers' organization wondered "how far back in history Gov. Reagan planned to carry his policies, and now we know it is to the second quarter of the 19th century, when the battle for tuition-free public schools was

won." But this question is pointless, for it contains its own answer.

It is well known that Gov. Reagan and Dr. Max Rafferty see eye to eye, and that Dr. Rafferty is a mainstay, if not "the" mainstay, of the "Back-to-McGuffey" movement. (For our readers who may not have their encyclopedias within reach, we have just looked up William Holmes McGuffey: born Claysville, Pa., 1800; died Charlottesville, Va., 1872. Any questions?)

That the application of tuition fees to high-school and grade-school education would reduce the number of students (if compulsion were removed) is obvious. These children could become immediately useful to society. As Reagan's philosophical ancestor, Alexander Hamilton, wrote in his "Report on Manufactures" (1791):

"It is worthy of particular remark that . . . women and children are rendered more useful, and the latter more early useful, by manufacturing establishments, than they would otherwise be. Of the number of persons employed in the cotton manufactures of Great Britain, it is computed that four-sevenths, nearly, are women and children, of whom the greatest proportion are children, and many of them of a tender age."

In addition the following arguments might be adduced in Gov. Reagan's support:

(1) Fees of one sort and another are already charged by government agencies for various compulsory acts: Use taxes, licenses for business and professional activities, premiums for motorcar insurance (required by fairly tough laws), and so on. The fee-payer has the free-enterprise option of paying or at his own free choice, not engaging in barbering, chiropractic or driving a car. That the fees for sending a child to school would be higher than one's use tax, or sewer tax, is beside the point: the individual could still option out — even if only by the extreme action of moving elsewhere.

(2) There is nothing all-too-sacred about Article IX, Sec. 5, of the California constitution, which provides for free schools. Constitutions have been amended before now, even the sacrosanct Federal Constitution; and, with the present legislature, and with the present popular temper (which elected the governor), a repealer of Article IX should be easy to obtain.

IT WOULD be unwise to assume from his partial retraction that Gov. Reagan is chickening out on this issue. "A man convinced against his will" — be reporters, by letters to editors — does not easily give up his fundamental convictions. Achilles may raise his shield to ward off the arrows of the loud-mouthed Hector; but this does not mean that he is scared; he is just being practical.

After his remarks on needing to consider that lower-grade education is compulsory, and that this fact must be considered in thinking about the imposition of tuition fees, the governor concluded his letter: "But, at any rate, first things first, so we'll see what happens with the university."

The idea is not abandoned; it is still sizzling back there in the cere-



George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co. ©

bellum. His phrasing is particularly interesting; it reminds us of another of his remarks (paraphrased, but not unfairly, we think): "I hadn't intended to fire Dr. Kerr — yet."

Which leads us back to the classic statement with which nowadays should conclude all discussions of education: the remark attributed in 1954 to an unidentified Texas planter: "Educate a kid beyond the 5th grade and you lose a good bean-picker."

WE PROPOSE, therefore, if Gov. Reagan has not already beaten us to it — and we repeat our sincere congratulations on his acumen — an immediate repealer for Article IX, Sec. 5. This would pave the way for, first, imposition of tuition fees on the

lower schools, and second (automatically following), the turning over of most, if not all, education — at all levels — to Private Enterprise which is honest, far-seeing, and above all, not subject to emotional whims of voters and/or parents.

And so, to all you taxpayers who are fed up with paying to teach other people's children History (which they will not remember), English (which they will not use), or Geography (what is there east of the Sierras, or anyway Las Vegas?), we say, "Do not despair."

Though he may seem temporarily to waver, for reasons of local expediency, your chief of state has not forgotten you. He is just not ready to introduce his next reforms — yet.

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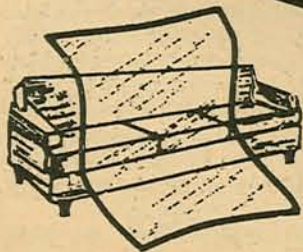
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three grim fairy tales

Once upon a time there were three Bears. . . Joe, Maxine and Baby Robert. . .

It was on a Tuesday when they bought the used Porridge from Mr. Goldilocks. . . Maxine didn't trust Mr. Goldilocks because, although he was one of the most respected used car dealers in San Leandro, she suspected that he smoked cigarettes. . .

Baby Robert sat in the back seat of the Used Porridge (originally manufactured in Yugoslavia for a steamboat captain who hated water) and threw blocks of wood at his dear daddy's head. . . but Joe, his dear daddy didn't care. . . he was so enthralled with his first foreign car that he felt no pain. . .

Four blocks from the car lot the Porridge went grumphglockity. . . spit. . . whrock. . . tummilly wonk. . . and Joe the Daddy bear said. . . "I think the Porridge is too hot. . ."

Five blocks from the car lot the Porridge went Wonkgraphitch. . . klongggle. . . tromple mutch. . . fittzponk. . . and Maxine the Mommy Bear said. . . "I think the Porridge is too cold. . ."

Six blocks from the car lot, the Porridge blew up and killed all the bears, including Baby Robert who probably would have said something equally as stupid. . . but we'll never know. . .

But we do know that even if the Porridge had not killed them, it still wouldn't have made it to Omaha, Neb., in time for Christmas. . . at least, that's what Mr. Goldilocks said. . .

There used to be a girl in our neighborhood called Little Red Riding Hood. She was called Little Red Riding Hood because, when she was a small child, she had warts on her face and her mother took her screaming all the way to a weird doctor who covered her head with some gunky medicine which cleared all the warts off her face but turned her hair green.

So she always wore a hood to cover her green hair. . . but we could always tell it was her. . . because when she would jump into the swimming pool, the kids would point and say, "Hey! See that green smudge spreading in the water. . . That's little Red Ridding Hood. . ."



Little Red Riding Hood--

SHE was a sweet child and hardly ever bit and would have lived a quiet life if she had not met the Wolf. . . Ed Wolf is the one I'm talking about. . . A lot of people think I mean Bill Wolf, but I don't. . . I haven't seen Bill Wolf in ten years, and besides he never met Little Red Riding Hood. . .

Did I tell you her real name before she got the warts was Jane Wilson. . . ? It's a good thing I didn't because her real name wasn't Jane Wilson. . . It was George Peabody and she was really a weird midget dressed up like a little girl. . .

THIS is what probably confused Ed Wolf the most about Little Red Riding Hood. . . He didn't expect to find a George Peabody in Little Red Riding Hood's clothing. . .

Ed Wolf was always the kind who couldn't keep his mouth shut, and soon the whole town knew about Little Red George Peabody Riding Hood. . . In 40 minutes, it was all over. . . you know how those small towns are concerning weird midgets dressed up like little girls. . .



Once upon a time there was a fellow named Jack whose momma said to him. . . "Jack, sell the Cow. . ."

. . . So Jack immediately traded the cow for a motorscooter. . . Jack's Momma was enraged because Jack had not sold the cow like she had said and not only that had brought home a motorscooter. . . She was so mad that she made Jack dig a deep hole in the back yard and bury the motorscooter. . . she felt this would teach him a lesson. . .

During the night, a beanstalk sprouted out of the gas tank of the motorscooter. . . Some teenagers had dumped some square beans in the gas tank thinking they were sugar cubes. . .

When Jack and Jack's Momma woke up the next morning, they found that they couldn't get out of the back door. . . It was blocked by the weird beanstalk. . . When they tried to go out of the front door

they were met by a Giant. . .

Bill Giant said. . . "Who stole my cow and traded it for that stupid motorscooter that is so busy growing a beanstalk out back and ruining the property values in this neighborhood?"

Jack said. . . "My Momma told me too. . ."

Since Jack was a minor, they let him go, but they hung his Momma. . .

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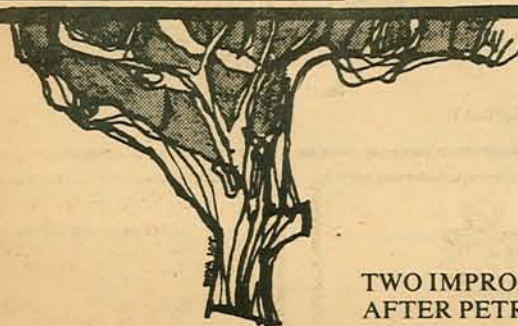
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TWO IMPROVISATIONS:
AFTER PETRONIUS

FOR THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE THE SEA

If you're in no great
rush for death
don't hasten the Fates' quick
hands to break
the delicate threads.
Observe this alone of
the irate ocean:
look where your feet
are bathed by retreating
waves, and see
the mussel heaved up
in snarls of green weeds,
the slick coiled shell
spun round in sea-swell.

Look where waves roll
tumbling the sands
and mottled stones
are scattered on down
the tide-worn strand.

Whoever sprawls his
toes and dawdles
safe on the shore
does well to reckon
that nothing more
than this is ocean.

EPIGRAM

Let me follow my own desire
Gaius; no one thing
however singular
delights us all.
Watch how this man hangs himself
on thorns, while others
gather roses.

Lee Hatfield

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KPIX 5 GROUP

MacBird--outrageous joke without laughs

By Rolfe Peterson

(Peterson, CBS critic at large, reviews major drama and movie productions on the 11th Hour news for KPIX and hosts the critically acclaimed "POW!" show every Sunday at 1 p.m. on KPIX. He formerly reviewed movies as KGO's "Movie of the Day" host.)

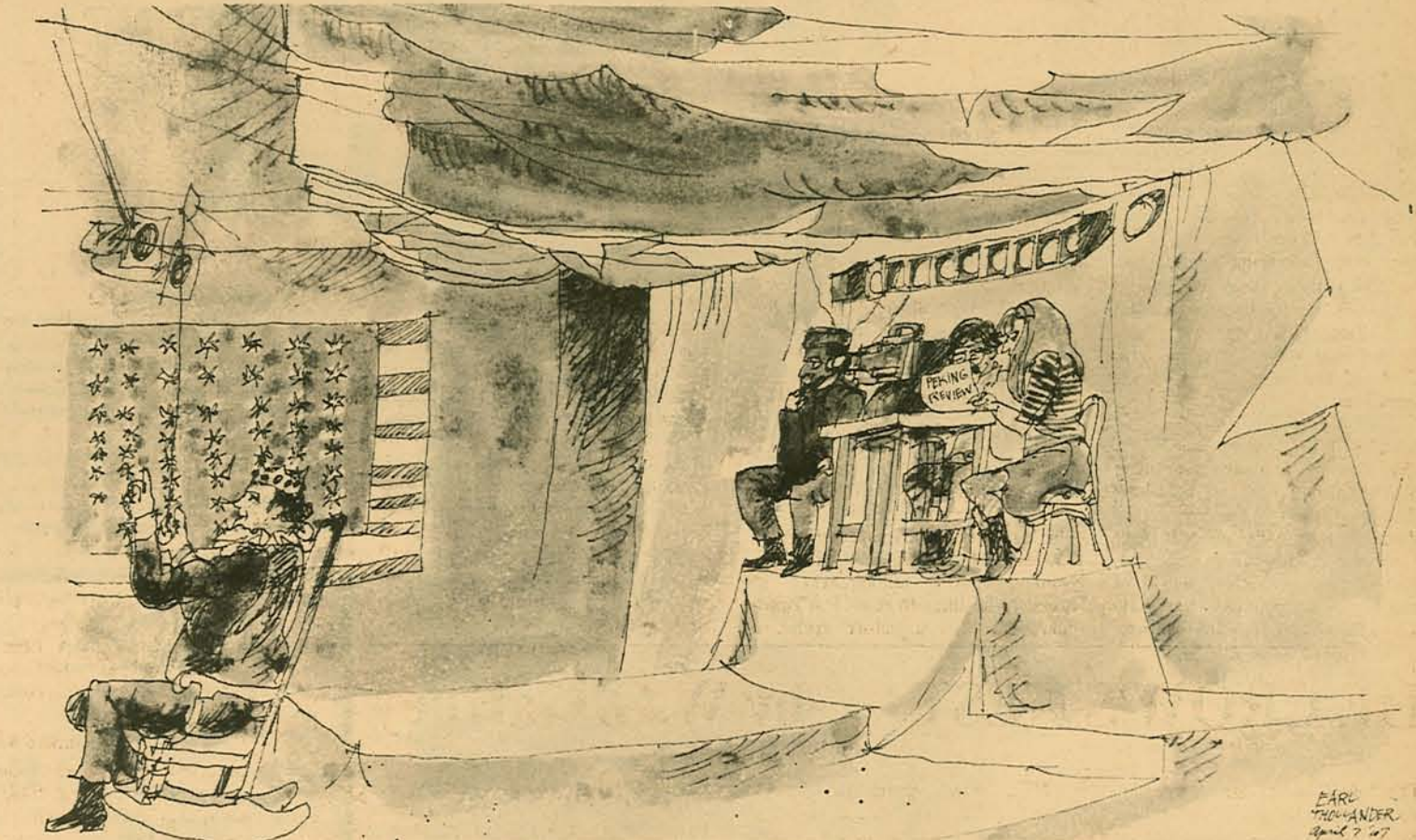
"MacBird!" is an interesting fluke. It is neither the brilliant parody that Dwight MacDonald thinks it is nor the irresponsible treason that Walter Kerr thinks it is. Nor is it trash, as J. Edgar Hoover says it is.

What it is is Shakespearean parody, full of topical allusions, on the same level of brilliance that you might remember from the best Shakespearean parodies of your school days. But as parody it does not rank, for instance, with a really professional job like the Shakespeare skit in "Beyond the Fringe."

WHAT HAS made it an international phenomenon is the fact that it casts LBJ as MacBeth and JFK as Duncan, then grimly pursues this plot to the bitter end.

I don't think playwright Barbara Garson thinks LBJ assassinated JFK. That idea simply came out of the coincidence of Shakespeare's MacBeth and Mrs. Garson's political needling. Those who are offended are unable to swallow this outrageous joke. If you can swallow it, you will find much of "MacBird!" funny and apt.

Unfortunately, the "MacBird!" staged by the Committee is only apt, almost never funny. As an admirer of their satirical sketches, I expected these professional performers to bring great style, flair and fun to this political burlesque. But with one notable exception, they display the hesitant walks and stances, the downcast eyes, the uneasy hands looking for pockets to hide in, the general discomfiture that mark the amateur actor. Even that talented fool Larry Hankin acts like a high-school athlete who didn't really want to be in the senior class play at all.



John Ken O'Dunc speaks, Muslim witch and Beatnik witch on stand.

AS JFK, Hankin gets a few chuckles with his imitation of the Kennedy oratorical style, and John Brent, as LBJ, does a good vocal and facial impression. But Brent, like all the rest, fails to come onstage with any drive or flair. He comes on, stands there holding onto the back of a chair or something, and recites Shakespeare in a Texas accent. This gets smiles, but not the laughs that a lively production of "MacBird!" would.

Other failures in the production are downright grotesque, like the masks and makeup, and the weird casting of Jessica Myerson as Adlai Stevenson. Where director Alan Myerson does not make bad decisions like these, he seems to make no decisions at all, and the performance in general appears not so much misdirected as undirected.

EVEN AN experienced thespian like Scott Beach could have used some guidance. He plays two of his three roles as Polonius, the other as the m.c. of a Kiwanis luncheon.

The one exception to this general ineptitude is Melvin Stuart, who as the Muslim Witch moves purposefully, speaks authoritatively and gestures crisply. It is perhaps unfortunate that he provides a yardstick of competent acting against which the rest of the company can be measured.



Final act—MacBird, Lady MacBird, Kathryn Ish and a daughter. Lady MacBird is looking at her hands, which she cannot wash clean.



Garry Goodrow as Bobby Ken O'Dunc.



Revolutionary witch played by Del Close.

It is a measure of "MacBird's" failure to entertain that the biggest laughs of the evening came, not in the play, but in the intermission announcement of the results of a political poll taken among the audience before the performance.

In fairness, I must confess I saw a preview performance two or three nights in advance of the official opening, and I hope that subsequent familiarity with the script will enable Committee members to free their minds of worry about their lines and moves and business and rediscover the fact that is essential to a successful production of such a play: They are comedians.

As for the play itself, it is an entertaining three acts that might have been a brilliant one act. When the Committee starts having fun with it, it will be something to see.

* * * * *

Artist-reporting—that is, sketching people and action on the scene—is probably the most exacting form of journalism. Tricky stage lighting, rapid stage movements, cramped sketching conditions—all bothered Earl Thollander as he sketched The Committee, from his seat in the audience, at its opening night production of "MacBird."

Thollander, using a fine-tip pen, an open bottle of ink and a small lap board, had to quickly catch the outlines and salient details of his characters—"the lines in the face, the crease in the clothing. He put in the shadings at his leisure the next day.

Specially commissioned artist-reporting assignments have taken the San Francisco artist to Russia, Bangkok, Mexico and Martinique. His work will appear regularly in The Guardian.

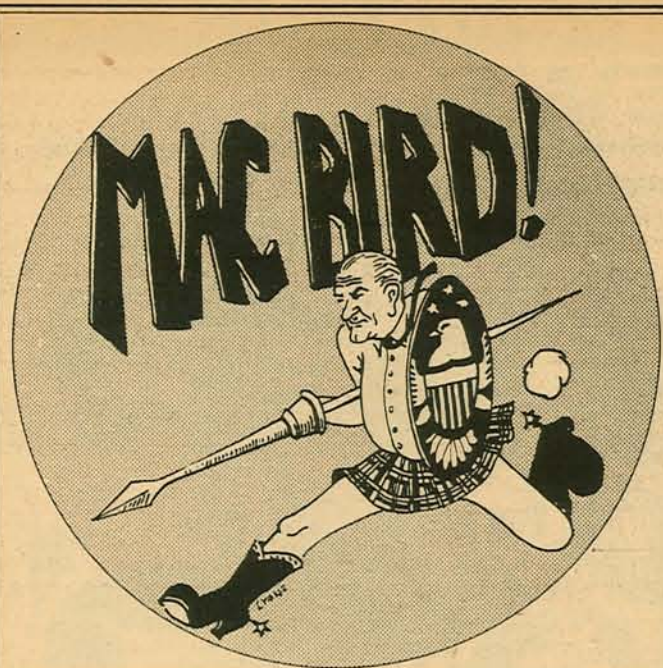


The Egg of Head (Jessica Myerson)

John Ken O'Dunc (Larry Hankin)



First and second senator, congressman and Bobby Ken O'Dunc plotting against MacBird.



The Committee Theater

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APRIL 18 THRU 20

2} BARBARA GARSON'S "MACBIRD"

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The dropout of the future?

Review of "Fahrenheit 451" (Cinema 21 in San Francisco.)

by Margo Skinner

By this time, anyone who reads science fiction or film reviews is aware that Fahrenheit 451 is the burning point of paper, and that the hero of the novel and movie so entitled is a fireman of the future whose function is to burn books.

Ray Bradbury's book has been shaped into something much more terse, less talky and less sentimental in Francois Truffaut's film adaptation. Conversely, its characters have become flatter and the lyric quality of the novel has virtually disappeared.

BRADBURY'S society of the future, with its peculiarly American characteristics (such as mile-long billboards and LA-type arrests of pedestrians who walk alone at night for pleasure), has become internationalized into an empty world of prosperity, continuous war, tv-washed minds and frenetic conform-

MOVIES

ity. The locale of "Fahrenheit 451" could be anywhere.

This sense of cosmopolitanism is heightened by the European actor, Oskar Werner. His sensitivity gives depth to the hero, despite Truffaut's obviously restraining hand.

His fireman, always convincing, starts reading secretly and ends by dropping out of his society.

Julie Christie, in a dual role, is only half-convincing. She is superb as the tv-doped wife who lives for her "family" on a large wall screen: In the novel, this character makes herself deliberately into a zombie. On the other hand, as the heroine who exemplifies the alternatives of freedom, Miss Christie is simply a young English schoolteacher in tweeds who likes to read. For Bradbury, she was a nature sprite, a

school girl who loved flowers, rain and life.

Truffaut's antithesis to a technology-ridden, 1984-type society seems to be, then, traditional — the values of culture as accretion through history, exemplified in the continuous play of his camera on the books to be burned. Bradbury's was more romantic and perhaps truer — nature itself, and literature as the expression of human imagination.

CERTAINLY this is the best science fantasy film of recent times — adult sf. It has flaws, including occasional slowness. Some judicious cutting would have helped. At the outset, the streamlined fire truck, with its black-clad and helmeted firemen, reminiscent of Cocteau, seems to drive on forever.

At the end, again, people go around reciting, endlessly books they've learned by heart in order to preserve them. (Bradbury underplayed it.) Nevertheless, "Fahrenheit 451" is an excellent film — often filled with real terror, serious, provocative and dramatically exciting.

THE CROW'S NEST -by W.G. Gaffney

The "war" in "Vietnam" (whether that may be) continues to occupy a good deal of space in the papers, to the exclusion of more important matters closer to home — as it is no doubt expected to do. This continuing emphasis makes relevant the suggestion of the last president but one of Columbia University, as passed on to us by "Juanita" of Sausalito:

"I do not believe in 'gradualism' in fighting a war. I believe in putting in the kind of military strength we need to win, and getting it over with as soon as possible."

This suggestion is all the more pointed when we realize that is was carried out to the letter by this same gentleman in Korea in 1953. To this astute application of applied military force, we owe the unconditional surrender of North Korea, the abolition of the arbitrary dividing line at the 38th parallel and the prompt withdrawal of all American troops from the non-viable, quasi-republic formerly known as South Korea.

The War Department—oops, sorry! "Defense Department"—regrets that the news of troop withdrawals has been unavoidably delayed, and wishes to advise all newspapers in Kannapolis, Kankakee, Kokomo, Kearny (N.J.), Kenton (Ohio), and all other draft-affected areas to revise their obituary pages accordingly.

"The iron hand in the velvet glove." We showed 'em. Didn't we?

"I have a rendezvous with Death At some disputed barricade. . . ."

We have just returned from a transcontinental tour, made in rather less time, round trip, than it took Sir Richard Burton—no, not HIM, kiddies, but the explorer and "Arabian Nights" man—in 1860 to get from Independence, Kansas, to Salt Lake City. The gustatory delights of the American highway have already been celebrated by Henry Miller in "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare" — although, in a sense, Hank had only himself to blame;

because, as a born Brooklynite or something of the sort, he knew no better than to take the Southern route, across Texas.

But we were properly amused to find Burton reporting — on the Northern, or Platte River-Laramie route — in 1860:

"'Uncle Sam's stove,' be it said with every reverence for the honored name it bears, is a triumph of convenience, cheapness, unwholesomeness, and nastiness — excuse the word, nice reader. This travelers' bane has exterminated the spit and gridiron, and makes every thing taste like its neighbor; by virtue of it, mutton borrows the flavor of salmon trout, tomatoes resolve themselves into greens. . . ."

Obviously, a fine old precedent for Howard Johnson and the other various nationwide Tastealikes? (If "Tastealike" is a trademarked name — as, perish forbid, it might well be — we toss out a hasty apology to the copyright holders.)

And, to be fair, on the other hand, people who live in glass houses, etc., etc. As a recent victim of British cookery, only a fraction of which can be blamed on the Americanization of Britain, we may suggest that Sir Richard perhaps spent enough time out of England so as not to have been familiar with the worst, or average — synonymous terms — British cooking served to travelers. And, for the matter, natives.

Now that St. Patrick's Day is safely passed (and we ourselves ensclosed in our one-room villa up on That Hill, faced with glass which, if not bulletproof, is at least designed to discourage the passing through of Irish Confetti), it may be safe to quote Burton's opinion of the rosy-faced daughters of Erin he encountered along the stage route:

"The fair ones had the porcine Irish faces — I need hardly tell the reader that there are three orders of physiognomy in that branch of the Keltic family, viz., porcine, equine, and simian — the pig-faced, the horse-faced, and the monkey-faced." ("The City of the Saints," 1862, p. 175.)

But, Patricia (et al), don't take it too hard. Mistah Burton, he said. Long since. In fact, he died in the Arms of the Church, and is respectfully buried, even though under a rather odd monument, in the Catholic cemetery at Mortlake (an hour and a half by bus from downtown London, in case you ever want to make the pilgrimage. . . .)

Every morning, when I read the newspapers, if I discover that the social order is still intact, I thank the heavens that I am on the right side — Clark Kerr.

Teachers and newspaper-clippers
— Continued on page 15

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

By Creighton H. Churchill

The Bald Man in front row center

Where do rouses go now that North Beach is legally topless and bottomless? "What's Happening" suggests the New Follies Burlesk, 16th. st. at Mission in S.F. Running down a tip from doctors in gynecology at the California Medical Center, we attended a recent Thursday late show.

To call it "bottomless" would be a cover-up. The show also features the worst baggy-pants comics in the Bay Area, several skin flicks and six or seven live girls.

San Franciscans can reaffirm their faith in the police, for they are permitting the best knock-down, drag-out, strip scene this side of Tijuana. One surmises they also like uninhibited girls, once they are removed from North Beach, the tourists, Herb Caen and Michael Grieg, the Alcoholic Beverage Control Commission and the glare of publicity.

Mind-Blowing with light and dance

Mandrake the Magician, of comic's fame, runs a bar in Berkeley, on University Ave. and 10th st., called "Mandrakes," which displays a life-size picture of the mystic on the front window. Good live modern jazz, light shows and wine produce a happy, mind-blowing experience. From there, go down San Pablo Ave. to catch the dance concert presented at the New Orleans House, 1505 San Pablo Ave., on Thursday evenings. Good Creole food and drinks are made better by the creative routines and improvisational dancing of A.A. Leath, John Graham and friends, all members of Graham Leath Productions, one of the area's best, most professional and honest experimental dance groups.

Go naked and a speakeasy

With an uninhibited date, go to the Panic Button, a bar at 3111 Fillmore in SF, serving a drink called "Skip and Go Naked." The \$1 "skippers" blend vodka, beer and lemonade, taste like bubbly lemonade and feel like Zeus's misplaced lightning bolt once they hit the nervous system. Vernetti's Town House, 5862 Doyle St. in Emeryville is a bar and restaurant tastefully decorated in late Jack Dempsey or period Eddie Arcaro. A former speakeasy (honest) that has catered to the Golden Gate Fields racing crowd over the years, Vernetti's presents a piano bar, full size drinks and good food. Bar seats come from old buggies, and horse paraphernalia covers the walls. Thoroughly enjoyable.

Protein and ping pong Balls

The next time someone uses the phrase to turn turtle, ship him over to the Coatepequ restaurant, 2278 Mission St. in S.F., It serves turtle egg dishes (excellent—but they look little ping-pong balls) and San Salvadorian food in general. Protein lovers are, even in this restaurant mad city, occasionally up tight to satisfy their carnivorous urges. Vince's Beef House, 55 Stevenson Alley just off 2nd St. in S.F., provides classic fare; cold, crisp salads, honest drinks, excellent, thick charcooked steaks and prime ribs, potato au gratin, dessert, and wine, all at \$12.99 per couple. Decor is high ceiling, low lighted and relaxing in plush modern mode. Waiters are English, service is pleasant.

Dragons and stretch marks

Islands of sanity can be found off the Mammary Coast in North Beach. When you tire of watered drinks and counting the stretch marks on Go-Go girls's chests, drop in at the Attic, 124 Columbus Ave. A short order restaurant and beer-wine bar, the Attic is also a showcase and discovery club for the best of the young talent in the Bay Area; folksingers, blues shouters and an occasional band. Decor is antiques, op, pop, lightly hippy and enjoyable. Greeting guests at the top of the club stairs is the best looking eight foot oriental dragon in the area.

Tempura and stiff lips

Just down the street from Off Broadway, but leagues away in spirit, is the Cho Cho Japanese restaurant. Classic Japanese cuisine is served in rustic wooden and pottery dishes. Guests sit on plush pads in woden booths, each with a cooking plate so you or the waitress can prepare the dishes.

Tempura fish, meats and vegetables are superb. The menu is mostly in phonetic Japanese, so ordering without help can be a gustatory Oriental roulette. Top flight bar and shoji screen atmosphere with very reasonable prices for North Beach. Dinner for two with drinks for around \$10.99. For after dinner brandys and a complete change of environment, try the White Horse Tavern, 637 Sutter. A copy of the original English Pub founded in the 1700's, the White Horse is all smokey wood beams, low lights, red leather and polished brass. A roaring fire helps warm parts of the body that the drinks don't reach. A good place to contemplate the fall of Empire or the demise of the passenger pigeon. Speak softly with stiff upper lip and drink Pimms Cup.

Chiquita's Turn — on

Mellow Yellow is alive and well in San Francisco, thanks to reams of daily newspaper publicity. One ounce bags of scraped, dried and "manicured" panana peels can be ordered from Mellow Yellow, 2077 Hayes St., S.F., \$5.99 per bag. After smoking several pipe fulls, take in The Sparrow, a creative and talented folk-rock group from Canada, now appearing at the Matrix, 3138 Fillmore, S.F. Minors are welcome. The Fugs, New York's celebrated porno-rock group, will make the Berkeley Community Theater at 8:30 p.m. on April 22.

'Canyon' in the Underground

Canyon Cinema is the West Coast epitome of the underground, or "New American" cinema. Started in 1960 by Bruce Baillie, Canyon Cinema lived in the backyard of a generous lady in Canyon, Calif., behind the Oakland hills. The screen, a sheet, was stretched across a ravine.

The shows moved to Berkeley and an odd succession of homes: Stiles Hall, Chick Callenback's backyard, 2201 Ward St., the Cable, Strawberry Canyon and many other places. A Berkeley fireman attended all showings, but closed them down the moment fire regulations were violated. He enjoyed the films, but not enough to take his mind off of his work.

Early members were Chickie Strand (who helped with the shows), Paul Strand (who made posters), Peter Nicolopoulos, Maggie Kerr, and Carl Linder, (who all did the great mass of trivial work.)

Later showings were held in the old Tape Music Center, 321 Divisadero, San Francisco, then at Precarious Vision, the forerunner of the present Intersection, 150 Ellis, its current residency. Canyon Cinema now runs a film distribution center known as the Canyon Cinema Co-op and is applying for tax exempt status to ease collection of funds for grants to film makers.

— A. Schaaf.

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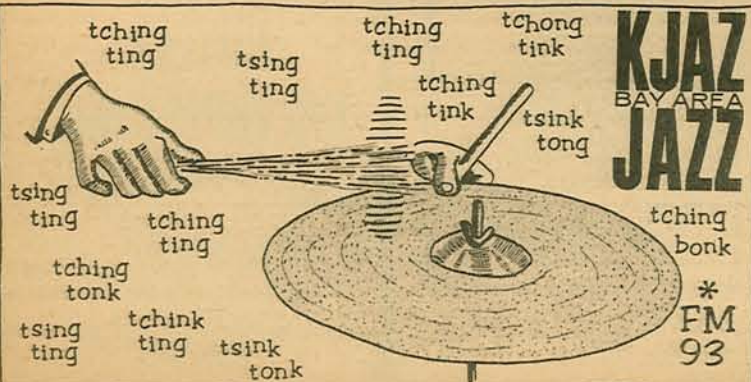
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The Bay Guardian

April 20, 1967

page 15

The San Francisco I remember

by Margo Skinner

At 10, I received my first diary — and my first experience of adult betrayal. I caught my mother reading it: for my "own good."

God knows what she expected to find — perhaps accounts of precocious opium orgies with poppies from our then flowered San Francisco hills. Mother went to the movies a lot, too.

Actually, what she unearthed was a lengthy catalogue of pictures I'd seen: The first entry, January, 1933; "Went downtown. Saw Boris Karloff in 'The Mummy.'" My best friend and I, hardy types, sat in a box at the Golden Gate, watching in happy horror as the ancient, unwrapped priest tried to capture the girl, his reincarnated love from old Egypt.

MOST OF these dramas I saw at the old Haight Theater, which since has had its ups and downs. Long

closed, it reopened briefly with "gay" movies, closed again, and today, in the heart of hippyland, its marquee announces "Love, Love" and a forthcoming "straight theater" presentation of "Julius Caesar." There, munching crackerjacks at Saturday matinees, I saw serials like "Detective Lloyd of Scotland Yard" or Col. Tim McCoy leading the cavalry against the Indians, then always bad guys.

Occasionally, friends were out of funds. We legal ticket holders would wait until the house darkened, then open one of the exits and let the poor pour in.

Downtown, in the grandeur of the Fox, we were more dignified. I wept discreetly over Dickie Moore's sufferings in "Oliver Twist" and afterwards, a princess in invisible ermine and tiaras, swept down the curving central staircase, feet sinking into the red carpet, to the marble-floored lobby, with its mirrored walls, crystal chandeliers, and huge vases, once the property of the czar of all the Russias.

THE "Ladies" had a makeup room with gold benches shaped like seashells and mirrors in rococo gilt frames. We sat there for hours.

Fascinating, too, was an Italian cabinet with a sliding panel. If you pushed, it dropped with a bang, and a cloisonne devil, life-size, stuck out a red tongue at you malevolently.

There were acres of the Fox, with curtained alcoves and mysterious passages. When it was torn down to make room for that gray sarcophagus with leafless trees in cement boxes called the Fox Plaza, workmen found rooms everybody had forgotten were there. It was the greatest

of the picture palaces — but we no longer live in a time of palaces.

LAVISH, too, was the California at Fourth and Market Sts. (now a parking lot), where a gangly Chinese-American teenager named Anna May Wong made her debut on amateur night. And at the Paramount, recently demolished, I saw in person Clara Bow, the "It Girl" and Dolores Del Rio, gorgeous in red satin and diamonds.

As glamorous in its own way was the El Capitan, out in the Mission between 19th and 20th Sts. The ladies' room attendant was even named Spangle.

There Don Smith, a tall, handsome tenor, sang "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" and stole my heart away.

HIS co-star was June Clyde, an attractive, brown-eyed blonde who later made it big on the English musical stage. She and Peggy O'Neill's girls (they are probably grandmothers now) gave me bits for doll clothes — velvet, sequins, gold and silver cloth.

I had the best-dressed dolls on the block, and they weren't baby-dolls either; they were jewel thieves, actresses, international spies and mistresses of the Czar.

A marquee, emblazoned "El Capitan," still stands. Beneath it, in smaller print, is a parking sign and behind it a parking lot. Where once there were the smell of grease paint and perfume, hurrying chorus girls, all long legs, talcum-white skin and glitter, heavy curtains, thick ropes and sand bags in the files, on stage live performers giving and beyond the footlights live spectators responding — there is now only asphalt and emptiness. . . and perhaps faint music on a summer night.

CROW'S NEST

—Continued from page 13

continue to delight us; and we shall continue to treasure, even if space does not let us print, "the best that has been said and not-thought-out," if we may pinch a line the late Matthew Arnold in Heaven no longer needs (and paraphrase it a bit). This week's prize (from a college not very far away, which prides itself on being tippity-toppity among the Top Level): "Washington Irving writes about such people as Oliver Twist who wandered off and fell asleep for many years."

Teacher, Teacher, burning bright
Thy O'er-Priced Juice, far into night—
Can you top that one? (Try; and
brighten our day — or night.)

And as many, many, many teachers write, or try to, or at least have to read the stuff others write — somebody out there may be interested in our favorite Professional Ad-Man clip-of-the-week. The representative of a "New York subsidy publishing house" (semantic improvement for Sucker Trap) was in town a while back, and in a fairly expensive ad remarked:

"Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, specialized, and EVEN controversial subjects will be considered." (Emphasis ours.)

We have a reasonably large collection of grimly pointed uses of the word "even" (and would welcome further instances: To us, that "even" ranks well up toward, if not quite equaling, our all-time favorite, dating to our teaching days: "I am

not greatly a believer in Fate; but I do believe that everyone gets just about what is coming to him, even if he does not play football. . . ."

It is easy enough to caricature your contemporaries; it is however, difficult to obliterate them. — Ed Keating.

Siam used to be a place with a funny name that people could write limericks about — rather tricky, because the accent falls wrong. It also became known as the home state of that fine Nordic Siamese king, Yul Brynner, a conception almost as funny as that of the Stockholm theater which once played "The Green Pastures" in Swedish, and in blackface.

But just as in 1941 Japan suddenly stopped being funny, and Mikado became such a dirty word that a pencil company had to change the long-standing name of a pencil-brand to "MIRADO" (a juvenile but necessary evasion, but also an inexpensive change!), Siam will presumably suffer a face-change and be erased as a source of limericks. The field of humor gets narrower.

Speaking of limericks, we find it sad to think that the Bay Area, sometime home of classic humorist Gelett Burgess, has not yet found us a usable (or even a funnily unusable) conclusion for the unfinished limerick we have lying about:

A buxom young lady named Wright
Was a victim of Adrian Blight —

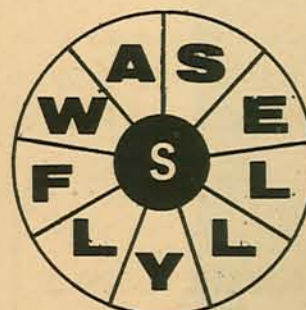
Be brave. Try your hand. "How can a man die better. . . .?"

Scramble--the Guardian word game

Sixteen words are good, 18 very good and 20 excellent. Solution in next issue of The Guardian.

Solution to our last puzzle: show, draw, outwards, sawdust, shadow, shaw, wouthward, wouthwards, stow, straw, sward, swash, swat, swarth, sword, thaw, throw, toward, towards, ward, wart, wash, what, woad, word, worst, wort, worth, wrath, wroth.

See how many words of four letters or more you can make from the letters in the circle. Each word MUST contain the letter in the center of the circle and each letter must be used only once. Your



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